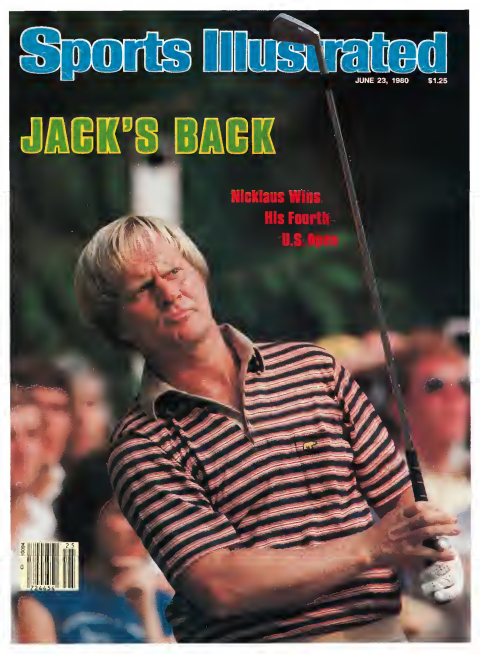


Sports Illustrated



JUNE 23, 1980

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JACK'S BACK

Nicklaus Wins
His Fourth
U.S. Open



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VIEWPOINT

by CARL NAVARRE

SOME SPORTSMEN'S CONCERN FOR THE SALMON'S FLIGHT IS PURE HYPOCRISY

Last summer I was unexpectedly invited to fish for a week on a prestigious salmon river in Iceland. A friend had paid for the trip in advance, but an unusual business opportunity made it impossible for him to go and he asked if I would replace him. Free. I packed my gear, and roughly 18 hours after his call I was 30,000 feet over the North Atlantic headed for Reykjavik with four other men in a private jet belonging to one of them, an airplane that costs more to operate for one hour than the average American makes in a month.

My four companions had two things in common: they were wealthy and they were avid sportsmen who hunted and fished all over the world. None of them was optimistic about the future of Atlantic salmon fishing. Salmon spend most of their lives at sea, and historically they were harvested only when they returned from the ocean to spawn. Then, in the late 1950s, schools of salmon were discovered feeding off the southwest coast of Greenland. Since the fish were in international waters, they were vulnerable to the fishing fleets of all nations. Trawlers equipped with sonar and drift nets caught a large number of salmon year-round before restrictions were instituted by an international commission.

Several countries also took steps to protect salmon. During the last decade the Norwegian government has encouraged the establishment of domestic salmon "farms." In 1979 they produced 5,000 metric tons of hatchery-raised salmon for the restaurant trade. Britain carefully regulates its sport and commercial harvests and supports the restocking of hatchery-bred salmon in its rivers. Some Canadian provinces have temporarily banned commercial fishing for salmon and have subsidized commercial fishermen. Yet, despite these measures, the number of fish is declining. The man who owned the jet I was riding in—let's call him John—referred to Atlantic salmon as an endangered species, although the Environmental Protection Agency has not so labeled it. But John had been involved in various save-the-Atlantic-salmon efforts. He deposed commercial fishermen and poachers who illegally take salmon from rivers. Commercial fishermen, John implied, would net salmon until there were none left to kill; and the day when there would be no salmon in the Atlantic Ocean was fast approaching. John was quick with figures to support his arguments. He spoke with conviction.

(continued)



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One good beer...

VIEWPOINT continued

When smoked salmon was served as an appetizer for lunch, I couldn't believe it. John explained that the fish on our plates was from a 22-pound salmon he had taken two weeks earlier from Canada's Restigouche River. I nearly choked. I had never heard such cavogation of river-fishing for salmon as I had in the last hour; yet here was John, a self-proclaimed conservationist, boasting of killing a creature that 10 minutes before he had identified as an endangered species. I wasn't surprised that John had caught the fish, but considering that this fish had evaded the "evil" trawlers in the Greenland Straits, or commented the "cruel" gill nets at the mouth of the Restigouche, eluded the "foul" poachers who use dynamite, pitchforks and poison—a fish capable of transferring its wily genes to thousands of progeny—I sure was surprised that he would kill it.

Fly-fishing as it is practiced today need not be a blood sport. Fish will survive being caught on a hook if you handle them carefully and let them go. I told John that I had assumed from listening to him that an endangered species like a salmon would deserve being returned to the river alive. John's answer to this was a question.

"Well," he said, "don't you like to eat it?"

"Salmon is delicious," I answered, "but why don't you eat the fish that are caught commercially and allow the ones that make it up the rivers to spawn?"

"That would be pretty expensive," John said, winking shrewdly. "Sort of like throwing away \$100 bills." Meanwhile, the engines of John's jet were burning fuel at the rate of a dollar every five seconds.

When we arrived at the lodge we learned that the river was low because of a lack of rain, and the few salmon that were in the river were concentrated in two pools. The river was divided into five beats, one for each of us, and we drew slips of paper from a hat for our assignments. The drill was to fish each beat for half a day, then move upstream. This rotation ensured each of us equal time on the best water.

Only three salmon had been taken all season in the first pool I drew, but I fished hard all morning, casting, mending the line, casting again. While my pillow slept on the bank, I hiked downstream until, in a narrow side channel, I saw a salmon roll and caught it. This was my first Atlantic salmon, and catching it had provided more pleasure than I had ever derived from eating anything. After admiring the fish on the bank, I removed the fly from its jaw and returned it to the river alive. Then I woke my pillow, and we returned to the lodge.

John had drawn a good pool, and the results of his fishing were displayed on the lawn: three nice salmon, each more than 10 pounds. John stood nearby, recounting his morning's adventure to anyone who would listen. Then he politely asked about my morning. Did I

Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

have any strikes, he inquired. I replied that, in fact, I had caught a salmon.

All heads turned toward me as they asked in unison, "Where's the fish?"

I told them:

"Let it go!" they screamed. "Why did you let it go?"

John suggested that it had been a Palm Beach release, meaning that I had lost it.

No, I assured him, I had caught the fish. So John asked my girlie, who was standing nearby, how big the salmon was. The girlie said he never saw it. Furthermore, he said he had never heard of a salmon being caught from the place I described. John appeared to be embarrassed, as if he had learned that I bent my children. It was clear to him, and to the rest of the group, that I was a liar. I had thought the era had ended when you needed blood on your hands and something dead on the ground to prove your manhood. Clearly, I was wrong.

After lunch John told me that if I didn't care to take my catch home there was a smokehouse nearby that paid \$2 a pound for fresh salmon. If I had good luck, he said, it could add up to quite a sum.

I may sound self-righteous, but here is what the trip taught me:

If you are a fly-fisherman, the impulse to kill an Atlantic salmon lies somewhere amid greed, gluttony and self-aggrandizement. I have nothing but respect for people who harvest their own food, but when a man leaves his office in, say, Detroit, and plunks down \$5,000 for a week of sport, then killing a fish and bringing it home to eat his about as much to do with substance as squeeze margarine does with hand-churned butter.

As natural resources continue to disappear during this century, a fierce battle is being fought between people who want to preserve those resources for recreation and sport, and people who think the resources should be consumed for economic benefit. It is not an easy conflict to resolve fairly. If your job depends on the electricity generated by a hydroelectric dam, a million screaming kayakers will never convince you that God didn't intend that river to be a lake.

The line must be drawn somewhere. Personally, I will not listen to any more sportsmen talk about saving African wildlife when the podium is framed by a "trophy" pair of ivory tusks. And I question the honesty of any man who dares to condemn the netting of Atlantic salmon while at the same time carrying a sharp gulf in the pocket of his fishing jacket. If salmon are in trouble, let's get them out of the delicatessens and off the menus of restaurants. If sport fishing for them is allowed, let's make it obligatory that all fish be released. During this century sportsmen have been vociferous advocates of conservation. I think it's time they learn that conservation requires more than words and money. It requires self-restraint. **END**



The image shows a dark glass bottle of Heineken Special Dark Beer and a tall glass filled with the same dark beer, topped with a thick head of white foam. The bottle has a neck label that reads "IMPORTED BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. SERVE AT 45-50° F." The main label on the bottle is circular with a red border and contains the text "SPECIAL DARK BEER", "BREWED IN HOLLAND", and "HEINEKEN". The glass has a label that partially reads "Heineken".

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

ORACLE

Who's going to win the Roberto Duran-Sugar Ray Leonard welterweight title fight? Duran, if he prevails, says Cus D'Amato, the boxing oracle who predicted Ali would become the first heavyweight to win the championship three times (SCORECARD, July 10, 1978). "If Duran stays on top of Leonard, he'll win," is the way D'Amato puts it. "But he can't stop and rest because that will give Leonard a chance to use his superb talents. If Duran doesn't press, Leonard will beat him. Duran has the ability to anticipate a punch, but Leonard throws three, four or five punches in a fast combination or rhythm, and he could stop Duran with the second, third or fourth one. Duran must press. Leonard doesn't fight when he's pressed. Also, when he's pinned on the ropes, he's constantly on defense. Leonard did not do well in his fight with Marcos Geraldo, and his camp tried to explain his poor performance by saying he had fought a middleweight. It wasn't that; it was the pressure Geraldo put on him. Pressure inhibits Leonard's performance."

What can Leonard do if Duran is ultra-aggressive? "Sidestep to negate the pressure," says D'Amato. Won't the skilful Leonard do that? "I doubt it," D'Amato says. "I've never seen him do it, and I have observed him a lot."

Peering into the future, D'Amato inclines toward Ali should his fight with Larry Holmes ever come off. "It all depends on Ali's attitude," Cus says. "Holmes can be intimidated. In the finals of the Olympic boxing trials at West Point in 1972, Holmes quit right in the middle of the third round. Something like this doesn't stay with all people, but I think it has with him. Holmes used to spar with Ali, and he had to be affected by Ali's personality. Ali doesn't beat opponents because he's much better, but because he's been able to psych them out. That's why he never liked to fight guys who didn't understand English. If Ali can become motivated and project his atti-

tude of inevitable force, Holmes will be receptive to Ali's mental powers."

NP?

Now in their 12th season, the San Diego Padres have developed few top-notch players from their early draft choices, and their selection of Jeff Pyburn, University of Georgia outfielder and quarterback, as their first-round pick this year has upset fans. Padre GM Bob Fontaine passed over two highly rated local outfielders, who went in the first round, to make Pyburn the fifth player selected in the draft. "A lot of teams shied away from Jeff because they thought he would go into pro football," Fontaine says, "but he had indicated to us that he preferred to play baseball (Pyburn's father, Jim, is a former Oriole outfielder). Jeff has as much as or more power than Dave Winfield, and Jeff is the player we were hoping to get in the first round."

However, according to the Major League Scouting Bureau, Pyburn is muscle-bound as a result of lifting weights for football and will have trouble hitting major league fastballs. The bureau also called him a below-average outfielder and listed him as "NP," no prospect, though he hit .400 at Georgia, set school records for homers and RBIs and has 6-4 speed in the 60.

Fontaine, who signed Pyburn for an estimated \$100,000, watched him make his pro debut for Class A Reno last week. Pyburn singled in two at bats and drove in the winning run. That gave Fontaine cause for cheer, he may rise or fall on Pyburn's performance. So might someone in the scouting bureau.

FRIDAY THE 13TH

Superstitions abound in baseball. Some players refuse to change an article of clothing during a streak, others erase the white lines delineating the batter's box, avoid stepping on the foul lines or make sure they touch second base on the way to the outfield. Some scan the stands for red-headed women for good luck. Some

refuse to hold a baseball during the playing of the national anthem.

Superstitious minds should have been reeling last Friday the 13th when six of the 10 players who wear the number 13 took the field. How did they fare? Well, Dave Revering of Oakland had a mostly good day, getting an RBI single and a walk and scoring a run against Ron Gaudry of the Yankees in the A's 4-3 win in the first game of a doubleheader. In the second-game loss, Revering pinch-hit and struck out. "I'm not at all superstitious," he says. "Maybe just a little contrary. Just going against the grain, something like that." For the Yankees, Centerfielder Bobby Brown, who had requested the number 13 for his first season as a full-time major leaguer, broke out of a slump in the ninth inning of the opener by hitting his seventh homer of the year and then had a single in the nightcap.

Catcher Lance Parrish of Detroit has worn number 13 since Little League. "They just gave it to me," he says. "It's just a number to me." On the 13th, Parrish, the Tigers' DH, hit an RBI double



in four times at bat in an 8-4 victory over the White Sox. Harry Chappas, number 13 for the White Sox, pinch-hit and fied out to right.

Third Baseman Roy Howell of Toronto has worn 13 since he started in pro ball. "I enjoy wearing the number," he says. "I like to do the opposite of what other people do just to see what happens." What happened to Howell? He went hitless in four plate appearances as Toronto lost 6-3 to Texas. Derryl Coon-

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ins, the only American League umpire who is designated as number 13, called the balls and strikes. When he flew to Toronto to do the game, the airline lost his luggage for a couple of hours.

Shortstop Dave Concepcion, number 13 for the Reds, went hitless in four at bats in Cincinnati's 5-2 victory over the Cardinals. He also went errorless. Concepcion points out that on the last Friday the 13th that he played, in August of 1976, he went 4 for 4 with two home runs against the Mets. "I broke my leg in 1973 sliding, but it was on July 22," he says. "If 13 was such bad luck, then why didn't I break my leg on the 13th? I feel being superstitious about the 13th is stupid. It's stupid not to have a 13th floor in hotels. Why don't we just forget 13 altogether? In everything. People in Venezuela [Concepcion's birthplace] are superstitious about 13, too. But it looks good on me, and it looked good on Walt Chamberlain, right?" Concepcion should know. He's been in professional baseball a long time. How long? Why, 13 seasons.

VAUDEVILLE RETURNS

When we last looked in on the vaudeville act known as the Miami Beach Boxing Commission (SCORECARD, May 12), Dan Roth, the chairman, was refusing to investigate charges by welterweight Kenneth Harper that Manager Emmet Sullivan changed Harper's name, altered his amateur record from 4-5 to 13-2, and then told him to lose to opponent Rocky Scarfone if he wanted to get paid. Harper says he spurned the alleged order to take a dive, but he wound up a bizarre loser by a TKO when the ring physician, Robert LaVey, was called in by Referee Eddie Eckert after the second round to examine the battered Scarfone, who had suffered a broken nose and a cut mouth and whose face was covered with blood. Instead of examining Scarfone, LaVey looked at Harper, found two chipped lower teeth, and Scarfone was declared the winner.

In the uproar that followed, the Miami Beach commission finally decided to investigate, and the two hearings held have only served to confirm the fact that the Miami Beach boxing scene is a disgrace. The first hearing was held a month ago; it lasted two hours and was filled with insults and shouting matches. Harper testified and repeated his story, but the septuagenarian Sullivan, a cantankerous cigar chewer, first refused to take an oath,

continued

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SCORECARD comment

talk into a tape recorder or answer questions. He also told *Miami News* reporter Tom Archdeacon he could make it hard on him. After Sullivan finally settled down and agreed to testify, a spectator suddenly said he remembered Sullivan from the old days in Scranton, Pa. and that Sullivan had been in trouble there, too. Sullivan became angry. The five commissioners, all but one over 70, tried to calm him down, but Sullivan got into an exchange with Ed Lassman, a commissioner who owns Wolfie's 21 Restaurant and is a member of the WBA's rating and executive committees. Sullivan called Lassman "a bum" and said, "Lassman, Lassman, he don't know nothin'. Hell, he don't even know the war is over yet."

Lassman asked that Sullivan be suspended for 90 days for unbecoming conduct, and two commissioners supported him. Another commissioner, Lou Gold, voted against the suspension, and chairman Roth passed, as he usually does when the vote comes his way. Sullivan stormed out of the hearing chewing his cigar and swearing, and the normally quiet Lassman eventually dozed off. After listening to the commissioners argue among themselves and conduct the hearing without any parliamentary procedure whatever, Miami Beach City Commissioner Mel Mendelson arose to tell them, "I voted for some of your appointments. I can look stupid all by myself; I don't need any help from the people I voted for. I'm tired of explaining all your buck-brings to people on the street. Gentlemen, I should hope you get your act together. Real soon."

A fortnight ago the vaudeville act got together again, this time to hear Dr. LaVey and referee Eckert testify. Two city commissioners also showed up to see if the boxing commissioners had changed their ways. Halfway through the hearing, one of the city commissioners dozed off. LaVey testified that the referee had called him into the ring to look at Scarfone. As he was crawling into the ring, Sullivan asked him to check out Harper's mouth. "I looked into the kid's mouth and there was a bit of bleeding," LaVey said. "His middle lower incisors had been chipped. The kid told me, 'I got enough, I don't want no more.'" Harper, who wasn't asked to attend this hearing, had previously testified that he had said nothing to the doctor. Another conflict in testimony arose when LaVey said he thought it was Sullivan who then asked

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

the ref to stop the fight. Previously, Sullivan had testified that he thought the doctor had asked the ref to stop the fight.

When the hearing was over, chairman Roth refused to take any action. "If the fighter wants to take it through the legal processes to the state attorney's office, he can," said Roth. "We'll give them our minutes." Commissioner Marty Cohen argued that it was the duty of the commission to ascertain the facts and decide what should be done, but he got no support. If there was a bright spot in the hearing, it came when Gold proposed that the commission give chairman Roth a vote of confidence. Instead of a motion to second, there was only silence.

WHETHER THE WEIGHTLIFTERS?

Amid all the turmoil in Iran, no one knows—and few seem to care—what's happened to the weightlifters. No Iranian has competed in international events since the revolution. Weightlifting was a big sport in Iran, and successful lifters were much favored by the Shah, who started reading Bob Hoffman's *Strength & Health* magazine when he was 10 years old. According to Hoffman, in 1953 weightlifters armed with iron bars and knives led a mob of 10,000 that helped induce Premier Mohammed Mossadegh to flee and the Shah to regain the Peacock Throne.

Although Iran has no recent international champions—little Mohammed Nassiri, who won the world flyweight championship in 1973 and set two records in his class, was getting a bit long in the tooth—the country has always had world-class competitors. John Terpak, the former U.S. national coach and now the general manager of Hoffman's York (Pa.) Barbell Company, says the only Iranian who showed up at the 1979 world championship in Sukonika was a reporter. When Terpak asked how the weightlifters, including Nassiri, were doing back home, the reporter cautiously allowed they were all "fine."

WH, PLACE & CHARGE IT

It's called COMCHECK, and it's a handy—some say too handy—service for tipped-out bettors at casinos, dog tracks and frontons. Say you need \$200 to invest in a couple of sure things coming up and you aren't among the favored few who enjoy check-cashing privileges at such establishments. Simply go to a special window, place a toll-free call and re-

ceive your Visa or MasterCard number. After a brief wait while a credit check is run on your card, you sign a bank draft, a cashier hands you two crisp \$100 bills and you're back in action.

COMCHECK, which is operated by Nashville-based Comdata Network, Inc. has had windows at truck stops for a decade and at casinos for two years. The service was introduced last summer at greyhound tracks in Arkansas and Arizona, among other locations, and has recently caught on in Florida, where it is available at seven frontons and two greyhound tracks. Two horse-racing tracks, Gulfstream Park and Hialeah, are considering introducing COMCHECK to increase betting handles. "Did you ever turn a woman loose in a department store with a credit card?" says Hialeah General Manager Edward McKinley. "It's an inducement. You think, 'What the heck, I didn't bring a check with me, so now at least I can bet my MasterCard or Visa.'"

Comdata generally allows customers to draw up to \$1,500 over a two-week period at casinos and up to \$500 at pari-mutuel establishments. Service charges, which are comparable to those for Western Union money transfers, are stiff but are reduced proportionately as the size of a transaction increases: e.g., there is a prohibitive \$7.25 charge for obtaining \$25 and a somewhat more reasonable charge of \$20 for getting \$500.

Amelmo Alliego, the jai alai supervisor for Florida's Division of Pari-Mutuel Wagering, notes that COMCHECK is proving particularly popular with guilt-ridden husbands. "They're using it just after the last game," he says, "so their wives won't get on their butt when they come home with no money." But less enthusiastic observers fear that COMCHECK will encourage weak-willed bettors to splurge. "Credit shouldn't be allowed where there's gambling," says Arnie Wexler, vice-president of the New York-based National Council on Compulsive Gambling. "It just gets compulsive gamblers in deeper trouble."

THEY SAID IT

• Michel Lourie, French national sprint coach, asked why his country hasn't been able to produce great track and field teams the way it produces great wines: "Perhaps it is precisely because of our great wines that we have not had great track teams."

END

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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 23, 1980

THE OWNER



OF THE OPEN

With his club on high, Jack Nicklaus celebrates the long birdie putt at 17 that certified his magnificent return to form at Baltusrol by **DAN JENKINS**



CONTINUED

The vast, old, gabled clubhouse rose out of the New Jersey countryside, looking as if it belonged on the jacket of a gothic novel, and Jack Nicklaus, walking toward it through the great roaring crowd, was totting so many records he could have used an extra caddy. It was a wondrous moment in golf. Harry Vardon was inventing the grip again. Arnold Palmer was hitching up his trousers. Bobby Jones was winning the Grand Slam at Merion, and Ben Hogan was smoking another cigarette and staring icily at the narrow corridors of Oakland Hills. But this was Jack Nicklaus, in effect doing all that and maybe more, and doing it in such a way that the Baltusrol golf course lay in total destruction behind him and the U.S. Open—the grandest of the major championships—now

belonged so much to him that only an eternity could take it away.

Nicklaus' golf game not only returned to him last week after an absence of almost two years, but the old gestures came back, too: Jack joyously raising his putter high in the air as a crucial birdie falls; Jack grinning and waving to the delirious throngs as he marches triumphantly up the 72nd fairway like a king of old.

It was Nicklaus' Open all the way, and there were Nicklaus records set in every round, but he wouldn't have his fourth Open championship and his 18th major title—five more than anyone else—until the final hole had been played and he had nursed a two-stroke lead through the oaks, elms and spruce of Baltusrol and outlasted the heroic bid and the uncanny putter of Isao Aoki of Japan.

It seemed unbelievable that although Nicklaus' earlier rounds of 63, 71 and 70 had left the Open record book looking like so much confetti, he was still unable to shake Aoki, who, curiously, putts with the toe of his putter sticking up and strikes the ball far back on the heel of



Aoki had his own angle when it came to putting.

the club. Not until Nicklaus had birdied the last two holes and fired a 68 and shattered another record would he finally dispose of Aoki. Maybe that's what made it so very sweet for Jack in the end, the fact that he had to work for his victory instead of taking a convivial stroll among the armbands and striped ties of the USGA officials.

When Nicklaus rammed home a 20-foot birdie putt at the 17th hole—the 71st of the tournament—around dinner-time last Sunday, the cheers could be heard



Even Aoki, the runner-up who set an unofficial Open record by needing only 112 putts over four rounds, was occasionally left grimacing on the greens.

as far away as the Lincoln Tunnel. Up went the gloved hand with the putter attached to it, as it had so many other times in places like Augusta and by the firths of Scotland. And when he dropped a 12-foot birdie putt on the last hole to ensure his victory, the gallery suddenly broke away from the marshals, creating a disorderly scene reminiscent of the old days before someone thought up restraining ropes. Amid the tumult Jack broke into a familiar grin and then politely—and nearly singlehandedly—restrained the onrushing throng, so that Aoki could sink the putt that clinched second place for him.

Out on the course that had taken away the excellent chances of other serious contenders like Tom Watson, Keith Fergus and Lon Hinkle, a message went up on the scoreboard: JACK IS BACK. But in the Baltusrol locker room, Lee Trevino said it better as he watched the last few holes on television.

"Get away and let the big dog eat!" shouted Trevino.

When the laughter subsided, Lee smiled at the TV set and said, "In my dreams, you always win, Jack."

Nicklaus didn't even have to par those last two holes on Sunday; he could have bogeyed one of them, and his 72-hole total of 275 would have been good enough to edge out the 276 that had been posted by Watson, Fergus and Hinkle, each of whom got that total in his own way—Watson primarily by making a hole-in-one on Thursday and chipping in for an eagle on Friday, and, otherwise, not making very many putts. If Nicklaus had gotten that measly 275, he would have matched the score he shot back in 1967 when he won the Open on a slightly different Baltusrol. But it wouldn't have been good enough to defeat the unyielding Aoki, a highly regarded player in other parts of the world, but not exactly noted for his American Express commercials in the U.S.

No. All week long Aoki had been in the profoundest putting mood since Billy Casper as Winged Foot in 1959. And Nicklaus had been privileged to watch every unorthodox stroke, because the two were paired for all four rounds of the Open. On Thursday, Aoki required only 23 putts for the first of his three consecutive 68s. On Friday he needed but 27. He fell off a little on Saturday, with 31 putts, and despite a chip-in on the



Aoki's play over the first three days gave him something worth striving about—a tie for the lead

10th, he had the same number on Sunday, when he shot a 70. His four-day performance on the greens added up to 112 putts, and this with as bizarre a style as you're likely to find without watching a foursome trying to break 90.

There was no doubt in Nicklaus' mind that Aoki would sink both of the short birdie putts he had given himself on the last two holes. So despite being two shots up on Aoki, Nicklaus not only had to hang in there and avoid a bogey, but he also very possibly would need to drop a birdie himself if his romance with immortality were to continue. The birdie at the 17th was, therefore, the larger of the two he closed with, because it meant

that he could play the last hole with three wedges if he wanted to. "The putt on 17 was the kind I had been making for 15 years when I needed it," Nicklaus said later. "But it was the kind I hadn't made for nearly two years."

Nicklaus then played the 18th hole with a three-wood off the tee and a three-iron into perfect position for a 60-yard pitch shot. The pitch left him with the 12-footer that he would have had to three-putt if Aoki were to have any chance to tie him. That might not have been out of the question, considering what Nicklaus had done on the 18th green in a couple of his previous rounds. Back on Thursday, when he and Tom Weiskopf had

continued

come home with identical 63s, equalling the tournament record set by Johnny Miller on rain-softened Oakmont in 1973. Jack had blown a dinky three-foot birdie putt that would have given him a 62. And on Saturday he had three-putted from 30 feet for a par, when a routine two-putt birdie would have started him off on Sunday with a one-stroke lead over Aoki instead of in a deadlock.

When the two of them went out for the last round, Aoki quickly got two bogeys in the first four holes, and Nicklaus had a two-stroke lead. On the front nine Jack hit three poor tee shots and struggled to a one-over-par 35. It didn't matter only because no one up ahead of him was making anything happen either.

"All week I had sort of been wondering when the wheels were going to come off," Nicklaus said later, "because that's what had been happening to me for a year and a half or so."

This was a reference to the fact that he hadn't won a tournament since July of 1978, that he hadn't won during all of 1979, the first calendar year since 1962 in which this had happened.



Long driving Fergus was done in by his short game



Hinkley started off with a 65 and stayed close



Winstrop's 63 was followed by 75, 76 and 75

"I was still thinking about it when my driver left me on three holes on the front nine," he went on. "But I realized I was getting my head forward on my swing, and I corrected it. The back nine was about as good as I can play, and it made me realize this old body has a few more wins in it."

As for the last birdie putt, the one he didn't really need to settle matters on 18, Nicklaus confessed he wasn't really trying to make it. He was only trying to get it close. In other words, the big dog had eaten back on 17.

Part of the reason last week's victory was so special to Nicklaus, aside from it being a "comeback" at the age of 40, is that he knew he had missed his chances to turn the 1980 Open into a dull tournament despite his low scoring. For an Open course, Baltusrol was playing so easy that Nicklaus' record 63, his record 134 after 36 holes and his record 204 through three rounds had left nobody in the distance.

On Sunday morning he was still only tied with Aoki and a mere two strokes

ahead of Watson, and there were those Hinkles and Ferguses and Mark Hayeses loitering about. And on each of his previous rounds, Nicklaus had faltered just slightly as he neared the clubhouse. Faltering had become a part of his game in the 23 months that preceded the Open, and there had been many irritating questions about his old desire eroding and his nerves finally going the way of all old golfers' nerves.

In a way, Baltusrol was the ideal place for Nicklaus to rediscover his talent. Compared to some of the Open monsters, Baltusrol has always been a pushover. It has never had, nor does it have, that dramatic stretch of holes that invariably produces agony and ecstasy. It is more or less a dull golf course, with 12 par 4s that all look the same. Baltusrol's greens are large and basically flat, and last week its fairways were wider than any Open fairways in recent memory. Baltusrol does have its fourth hole, the beautiful par-3 over the water, with the green supported by a charming rock wall, but this hole looks nothing like the rest of the

golf course. And it didn't even look very difficult on Thursday when Watson's eight-iron hit two inches from the cup, hopped a foot forward and then spun back into the darkness for a hole-in-one. Baltusrol also has those two concluding par 5s, one unreachable and the other a lush birdie opportunity, and these don't look like the rest of the course, either. Nevertheless, Baltusrol is a fine place to have U.S. Opens because it can hold people and parked cars, and the venerable clubhouse gives it an "Open look." U.S. Open clubhouses are supposed to look substantial, as if they were survivors of a more opulent age.

The playing quality of the course was wholly responsible for the low scoring in this Open. It had nothing to do with the golfers improving or being up for this tournament, or pushing each other to remarkable deeds. The greens were soft from rains earlier in the week—soft underneath—and this made the iron shots hold on the putting surfaces. Never in the four days did the greens putt with the speed and quickness one expects at a U.S. Open. The fairways were not only wide, but they were also perfect, a blend of Astoria and Seaside bent.

Baltusrol yielded more subpar rounds than any Open course ever had, and five men broke the par of 280, as if this were some regular event on the PGA Tour. "I just shot the fourth lowest score in the history of the U.S. Open," said Watson of his 276, "and I lost by four shots." Indeed, Nicklaus' winning total of 272 encourages one to think of the Baltusrol tournament as the Greater Hartford Sammy Davis, Jr. U.S. Open, which is how it might have been remembered if, let's say, Fergus had made a few more putts.

But it was Nicklaus who did the putting and joined Willie Anderson, Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan as the only men ever to win four Opens, and matched Anderson as the only man to have won the Open twice on the same course, Anderson having done it at the Myopia Hunt Club in 1901 and '05. It is Nicklaus—18 years after his first Open victory—who holds or is tied for all the Open records now.

That was the longest walk Jack had ever taken out there last Sunday, up that final hill at Baltusrol. He knew how far he had come—all the way back from the land of fallen idols. Golf may not see such a thing again for a long while.

1960



A hole-in-one and an eagle kept Watson close, but poor putting got him no better than a tie for third.

HEY, JUST LOOK WHO'S LOOKING GOOD AGAIN

Injury and turmoil had knocked hurdler Rinaldo Nehemiah off stride, but at the national championship he showed he's back in step by JOE MARSHALL

During the final seconds before the running of the high hurdles at last week's national track and field championship in Walnut, Calif., Rinaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah crouched at the starting line, head down, eyes fastened on Mount San Antonio College's sun-bleached maroon track. Not once did he look up to survey the 10 hurdles and 110 meters of straight that lay ahead. Nehemiah knows the course as well as any man alive. Last season he won the NCAA, AAU, Pan American Games and World Cup titles in this event. Along the way he produced the four fastest times in history, lowering the world record from 13.21 to 13-flat. Yet now, in that tense, seemingly unending pause before the gunshot that would start the race, Nehemiah was in unfamiliar territory.

Stanley Floyd: once a miler, now a dash champion



After an injury-plagued and turmoil-filled first half of 1980, he was facing the task of proving himself all over again.

Nehemiah's appearance in Walnut was only his third of the outdoor season and his first since May 11, when he ran a 13.77 in a nationally televised race in Los Angeles. He was beaten that day by three other hurdlers—Rod Milburn, Dedy Cooper and his top rival, Greg Foster, whom Nehemiah had defeated 11 straight times. Foster's winning time that day, of 13.27, still stands as the fastest in the world this year. In Nehemiah's only other outdoor race, eight days earlier in Houston, he had won in 13.32. "I figured I was ready after that," he says, "but midway through the race in Los Angeles I was way back and fading, and I knew the truth. I was out of shape."

Nehemiah's ills actually started back in 1979, when he wore himself out competing almost every weekend between January and August. Exhausted, he came down with pneumonia in October. Then, in January of this year, two days after his only race of the indoor season, he tore a cartilage in his left ankle in a pickup basketball game. He was in a cast for six weeks, and soreness hampered his workouts long thereafter.

To complicate matters, Nehemiah was making as much news off the track as he ever had on it. Rumors abounded that Skeets had struck a lucrative deal with a sporting-goods company, Puma; such speculation seemed to be confirmed in April when Nehemiah quit the University of Maryland track team, thereby giving up his athletic scholarship. Under new guidelines set down by the International Amateur Athletics Federation, track and field's worldwide governing body, it is now possible for an athlete to remain an amateur while working for a corporation that uses his name in its advertising. However, the money paid the athlete for ads must go to his national governing body for track and field. In this country, that's The Athletics Con-

gress, the recent successor to the AAU. In turn, the athlete can keep any money paid him for other work, such as consultation on shoe design. However, the NCAA takes a more punitious stance on this matter, ruling that an athlete loses his collegiate eligibility when he signs such a deal. That's understandable. After all, the NCAA doesn't get any scratch out of the arrangement. Thus: Hello, Puma Adios, Maryland.

Even though Nehemiah's deal with Puma hasn't been finalized, he apparently plans to take his new duties seriously. He showed up in Walnut dressed in Puma from head to toe. For Friday's heats and semifinals, his ensemble consisted of a striking navy blue warmup suit set off by jaunty red trim and shoes, while for Saturday's finals, he wore a natty red number with sparkling white trim and matching shoes. On both suits, the name SKEETS was tastefully printed on the left breast, above the Puma logo. The only accessory Nehemiah wore was a gold chain around his neck with a simple pendant that said—you got it—PUMA.

Of course, Skeets knows he will have to be more than a clotheshorse, and he had no doubt divined that the folks at Puma don't get all that worked up over hurdlers who finish fourth in 13.77. So in the weeks after the L.A. disaster, he had labored hard to ensure that he'd be as captivating as a hurdler as he would be as a model in Walnut. In fact, he had gone into seclusion, returning to his parents' home in Scotch Plains, N.J., to train with his high school coach, Jean Poquette.

Poquette had put Nehemiah through hard two-a-day workouts to rebuild his strength. Equally important, he had sheltered Nehemiah from the media, guarding against more of the sort of negative publicity that the Puma-Maryland hurdler had attracted. Indeed, when the issue was mentioned in Walnut, Poquette quickly said, "It's getting as tiresome as Farnah Fawcett's face got to be. The divorce is final." Poquette had also uncovered a

flaw in Nehemiah's heretofore perfect hurdling form. Nehemiah's lead leg over the hurdles is his right, and he had developed the habit of thrusting his right arm forward simultaneously, which caused him to yaw to the left. Poquette pointed to a photograph of Nehemiah on the cover of this year's national championship program, showing Skeets making this very mistake while winning last year's title, and then declared, "That's why I don't think 13-flat represents anywhere near his maximum potential."

It was also Poquette who sent Nehemiah to Dr. William Litterer, a chiropractor, when stabbing pains in his left Achilles tendon made it look as if he would have to miss the championship. Litterer discovered that the hurdler's pelvis was angled in such a way that his left Achilles had to stretch further than the right. After a series of adjustments the weekend before the meet, Nehemiah was training without pain and starting to feel optimistic about gaining his third straight national title.

While Nehemiah was trying to regain his reputation, 18-year-old Stanley Floyd was busy building one. Four weeks ago almost no one had heard of the 5' 9½", 160-pound Auburn freshman. Now he is suddenly the newest U.S. sprint sensation and a surprise favorite for the 100-meter dash at the Olympic Trials, which begin this week in Eugene, Ore.

Floyd was a miler at Dougherty High School in Albany, Ga. until the day in his sophomore year when he was timed in 9.9 while outrunning the school's sprint coach in a 100-yard fun run. The next year he ran a 9.3 from a standing start on a dirt track, and before he graduated he won 54 straight sprints. He was undefeated this spring at Auburn, but he didn't make a name for himself until the Quad Conference meet in Austin, Texas on May 24. There he set a world junior record by winning the 100 meters in 10.07.

That race gave Floyd the second-fastest qualifying time for the NCAA championship, which took place two weeks later on the same track. The top qualifier was James Sanford of USC, who had run the two fastest times in the world in 1980, 10.02 and 10.03. Floyd was timed in 10.10 as he upset Sanford by .02 of a second for the NCAA crown. In winning that title as a freshman, he duplicated the 1976 feat of a recent Auburn graduate, Harvey Gience. Gience has helped



A pending contract with Purina and a coach's eye had Nehemiah in top sectional and hurdling form.

Floyd with his starts, a weak point because Floyd didn't even use blocks until his senior year in high school. "Stanley's in the same position I was in as a freshman," says Gience. "He feels no pressure now. He may not even know what's going on."

Last Saturday, however, Floyd knew what to do as he won the 100-meter national championship. This time he was clocked in 10.19, the same as James Gilkes of Guyana, but was awarded the win after a study of the photo. Sanford had stayed home to rest a sore leg for the Trials. When asked if he is looking forward to running against Sanford again in Eugene, Floyd answered, "They say he had an off day in Austin. But I'm undefeated. I think I'm the man to beat."

Like Sanford, Foster passed up the national championship, but in Saturday's hurdle finals, Nehemiah found himself facing Cooper and Milburn. Cooper had the fastest semifinal time, 13.54, and Nehemiah admitted that he feared Milburn, who was his boyhood idol—not to mention the 1972 Olympic gold medalist. Milburn has recently returned to amateur competition after a five-year absence,

during which he took part in the short-lived pro tour and then was idle until he could regain his amateur status. Normally, Nehemiah comes to track meets early, but on this day he stayed at his hotel until an hour before the race, watching a Tarzan movie on television to pass the time. "This has been a weekend of mental anguish," he admitted.

Nehemiah was first out of the blocks and got to the No. 1 hurdle just ahead of Milburn. He grazed that one and five others but never lost his lead and won in 13.49. Cooper also clipped a number of barriers, but he finished strong for second, in 13.56, as Milburn faded to fourth, behind Anthony Campbell.

Nehemiah was disappointed with his time but elated to be a winner again. "Getting this over with is a big relief," he said. "I'm strong enough and the speed is there. Now I just need a little oil. In my other two races earlier this year I was afraid to exert myself. This time I decided to run like a madman. I got myself out in front, which is where I wanted to be. I'm used to the loneliness out there." Renaldo Nehemiah was back on familiar ground. **END**

THESE NEW DAMN YANKEES ARE A HIT

Reggie Jackson is still top banana, but it's the steady direction of Manager Dick Howser and rave performances by a supporting cast of talented unknowns that may turn New York into a big winner in the long run **by RON FIMRITE**

There was an air of unreality to the entire weekend. In the Oakland Coliseum, where baseball was once played in cloistral solitude, there appeared spectators in unprecedented hordes whose penchants for mischief, combat and partisanship would do honor to any crowd that ever darkened a grandstand in the Bronx or The Fens. The Yankees were in town for a four-game series, but they were scarcely the Yankees of recent memory. The man many New York fans still prefer to think of as their manager was wearing an Oakland uniform, and there were relative strangers named Lefebvre, Cerone and Brown playing in the steads of more celebrated Yankees. There was a World Series tension in the atmosphere, for this was the first encounter between A's Manager Billy Martin and the team he led forward and astray only a year ago. These Yankees were riding high atop the American League East, and there was nothing Martin would have liked better than to sweep four straight, to send his old team back to New York in second place.

Martin, of course, insisted that this was to be just another series—at least as far as he was concerned. "It's not a personal vendetta," he advised the would-be war correspondents from New York who crowded into his clubhouse cubicle before the start of last Friday's series-opening two-night doubleheader. "I'm trying to do a job here with the Oakland A's. You guys are making up something that isn't there. I don't think Reggie has any vendetta," he said of his former player, and sometime antagonist, Reggie Jackson. "Reggie and I are friends. We have been since the last time I left the Yankees." Over on his side of the field, Jackson was equally pacific. "I enjoy watching Billy," he said. "He's demonstrative and emotional. People like that."

Barely an hour later, Jackson, bat in hand, came springing out of the Yankee dugout with that fullback's stride of his.



On center stage against Oakland, Jackson did his favorite routine: three homers and a .500 average

When Klutts tried to steal home, Carona, star of the new cast of *Yankees*, applied a discreet tag



and as he did, the huge crowd—47,768 strong, the most to attend a regular-season game in Oakland in nearly a decade—began to boo. As Jackson performed his calisthenics with a weighted bat in the on-deck circle, the roar from the seats on this balmy night was like a chilli winter wind. Enjoying himself, Jackson prolonged his entrance into the batter's box, fiddling first with his spectacles, then stretching his bat toward Oakland Pitcher Brian Kingman, who was standing impatiently on the mound. There were cheers now among the catcalls, and someone tossed a Reggie bat from the second deck, a gesture that went unnoticed by Jackson.

Willie Randolph was on second base, in scoring position, with two outs in the top of the first as Jackson finally settled in at the plate. Kingman stretched and delivered a fastball straight at the great man's head. Jackson went down smartly as the ball sailed passed him. He was up

in a flash, looking more determined than before. He might have expected as much from Marfan's team. But Kingman trusted later the duster was of his own inspiration. "I sort of backed him off the plate," he said. "He really stands up there aggressively." It was good theater but bad tactics. Jackson ran the count to two balls, no strikes and then, with that whooshing swing, lashed a double barely fair down the rightfield line to drive in the first run of the game. He was standing on second base smiling when the booing started again.

But the A's won the first game 4-3 when Mickey Klutts led off the list of the ninth inning by bombing a Ron Gaudy fastball over Leftfielder Joe Lefebvre's groping glove for a home run. It was only the second homer of the season for Klutts, who, like his manager, is a former Yankee.

The second game of the doubleheader was as dramatic as the first. The A's led

continued



Brown has hit for everyone. Yankees included



Lefebvre averaged a homer a day for 49 hours



This is why teammates call Gamble Spongethead

NEW DAMN YANKEES *continued*

4-2 in the seventh when Jackson came up with the bases loaded, a portentous turn of events that had the fans in a frenzy. Jackson, as always, was clearly enjoying center stage. With the count two balls, no strikes, he took a cut at a Matt Keough fastball that sent him lurching halfway to the mound. The crowd cheered so thrillingly a failure. Jackson swung again at the next pitch, but this time he did not miss. The ball soared deep into the bleachers in right centerfield.

Jackson won the game, but Gossage Gossage, the fearsome fireballing reliever, preserved it, retiring seven consecutive batters, five by strikeouts. Only a few hours earlier, Martin had lamented the lack of someone as "awesome" as Gossage in his own bullpen. With such a mooster, he said, his A's would be leading the American League West by 10 games, instead of trailing division-leading Kansas City by seven. Indeed, with Gossage, the Yankees were leading the American League East by five games at the end of the weekend. He is "awesome" (a word much in favor among the baseball intelligentsia these days, replacing, it seems, "velocity" in frequency of pompous usage), but the Yankees wouldn't be where they are if it were not for another aspect of their team that is equally "awesome"—their depth.

If all had gone well for new Manager Dick Howser, he would have an outfield of Oscar Gamble, Ruppert Jones and Jackson playing for him. There have been few occasions this year when all have been in the same lineup, and there may not be many more. Jones, the fine young centerfielder obtained last November from Seattle, underwent abdominal surgery in May and isn't expected to return to the lineup for at least another month. Gamble has a broken toe and won't be available for perhaps another 10 days. Jackson can play only occasionally in the outfield because of a strained muscle in his right thigh. He has already missed 13 games and many of his appearances in the lineup have been as the designated hitter.

The Yankees still have veterans Bobby Murcer, 34, and Lou Piniella, 36, in outfield reserve, but the heavy duty lately has fallen to Bobby Brown, 26, and Lefebvre (pronounced le-FAY), 24, who before this season had, between them, performed in a total of 34 major league games. Actually, those games were all

played by Brown. Lefebvre didn't get into a big league game until May 22 of this year, after he was called up from the Yankee top farm team, in Columbus, Ohio. He hit a homer in his third time at bat and then another the next day as a pinch hitter, becoming the first American League rookie to hit homers in each of his first two games. In 21 games so far, Lefebvre is hitting .271, with four homers and 10 runs batted in, and he has proved himself to be an able outfielder with a strong and accurate arm. He also has a refreshing attitude. "I know I'm a good player," he says, "but those guys [the injured Gamble and Jones] are a cut above."

Lefebvre is part of what promises to be a steady procession of outstanding young players who will reach New York from the Yankee farm system. All five Yankee farm clubs finished in first place last year, and all five are at or near the top in their league races this season. Gene Michael, who in six short years has advanced from Yankee shortstop to general manager, has said the team will exercise all options—buying, trading, acquiring free agents and developing minor leaguers—in the pursuit of quality, but clearly the team that was accused of purchasing its world championships in 1977 and '78 may soon be winning similar honors using, almost exclusively, players obtained from such conventional sources as the minor leagues and trades.

Brown, for instance, was picked up by the Columbus farm team last year on waivers from Toronto—at the insistence of Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, who overruled several lesser but supposedly better-informed front-office savants—and then his contract was bought outright by the Yankees. At various times Brown has played for the Orioles, Phillies, Met and Blue Jay organizations, and this is his second tour with the Yankees. Through all of these peregrinations he has consistently hit near or above .300, so it is a mystery to him why it took him eight seasons to find regular employment in the big time. "I never doubted myself," he says, "but I spent a lot of time trying to find out why others doubted me. I was prepared when I finally got my shot. The only pressure I felt was in the minors, trying to get up here."

The Yankees abound in such new heroes. Dennis Werth, a remarkably ver-

continued



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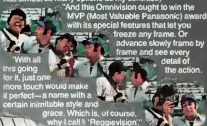
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satire athlete who played last season in Columbus, can catch and play first, third and the outfield. He has hit .414 and heli-ed two home runs and three doubles in the few opportunities he has had. Mike Griffin, another rookie from Columbus, has won a couple of games filling in as a starter. Eric Soderholm, a veteran who was traded to New York by Texas last November after years with the Twins and White Sox, is hitting .337 as a fill-in for Graig Nettles at third. But probably the most important new face on the Yankees is that of Rick Cerone.

Cerone, acquired with lefthander Tom Underwood from Toronto in a trade, felt somewhat more pressure than the other newcomers, seeing as he was to be the replacement for the late Thurman Munson. Cerone seems lighter than his program weight of 185 pounds, but there is no questioning his stoutness of heart or his stamina. Through Sunday, he had caught all but two of the Yankees' 58 games and, until Jackson's grand slam on Friday, had been leading New York in RBIs with 32.

"I've given him his chances to sit down," says Howser, "and he's given me his Charles Atlas thing. 'I'm in great shape,' he'll say. But we won't catch him like this all season."

Cerone says he would just as soon play every game, "but I know it's something I can't do. This is such a mentally and physically demanding job, and though I'm an easygoing person off the field, I play hard on it." Cerone acknowledges that following a legend wasn't easy. "There were a lot of distractions, but I finally said to myself that I had to do just what I can do and forget the rest. Winning has made it easier."

And the Yankees certainly have been winning. Three lefthanded starters have contributed 20 of the team's 37 victories, the most surprising of them Underwood, whose six wins match those of Gaudry and whose 2.99 earned run average is the best of any man in the rotation. Gaudry has been struggling, but a struggling Gaudry is still an asset. The top winner on the staff is Tommy John, 8-2, who has had four shutouts.

But perhaps the most valuable Yankee, more so than any of the new heroes, even more so than Jackson and his timely and dramatic hits—his 14th and 15th homers of the season resulted in three runs during the Yankees' 8-2 win in Sunday's finale in Oakland—has been Randolph, the second baseman, a .318 hitter whose

on-base average, .444, was the best in the league at week's end. He also leads the league in walks, with 48, is tied for fourth in stolen bases (16) and triples (4) and is sixth in runs with 41. "Without him," says Howser, "we'd be, well, I hate to think where."

On Saturday, two other old hands—antiheroes, really—emerged from exile to give the Yankees a lift. Ed Figueroa, a 20-game winner only two years ago, hadn't started a game since April 25 and hadn't pitched in any capacity for 10 days. His longest appearance of the year had been a six-inning relief stint on May 25. Before Saturday's game, he had pitched only 27 innings and had a 1-2 record with an ERA of 5.33. He had made no secret of his displeasure over his inactivity, threatening at one point to go AWOL to his native Puerto Rico.

Murcer was another forgotten man. He had been at bat 67 times, had hit .239 and of late had been complaining about his lack of playing time. All this got him was criticism from both management and the press. Murcer's teammates call him Black Cloud and he gave Figueroa the nickname The Hostage.

But on Saturday, Howser gave Figueroa his fourth start of the season, and he responded by yielding only one run in eight innings. However, that run put him behind 1-0 going into the ninth. Enter Murcer. With two out in the ninth, he hit a two-strike pitch for a two-run homer. With the help of Rudy May and the inevitable Gossage, Figgy was a winner again.

In the clubhouse afterward, the two outcasts were returned for the moment to everyone's good graces. "From the outhouse to the penthouse," Jackson more or less shouted, while applying an ice pack to his sore thigh. Howser announced that Figueroa was at least out of the bullpen and back into the starting rotation. Murcer's future would remain a day-to-day matter, but he was too stunned by his accomplishment to much care. "I have no earthly idea how I could hit a ball out of this park today," he said, shaking his head in wonder. "I know I hit it good, but I saw a lot of other balls that didn't go out today."

Back at their hotel, Murcer greeted Figueroa exuberantly. "Black Cloud and The Hostage did it," he chorled. With the Yankees, it could as easily have been the Lone Ranger and Tonto. Somebody from somewhere is always doing it. **END**

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HALLOWED ACRES

At exactly noon on Monday, June 23, but not a moment before, the gates of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club will swing open and a torrent of fans who have been queuing along Church Road in the London suburb of Wimbledon, many of them for hours, will begin to flood the club's 12 acres. The lucky ones, those with reserved seats at Centre Court or No. 1 Court, can afford to spend the next two hours—play never begins before 2 p.m.—touring the surrounding area, especially the Tea Lawn. Those with grounds passes who wish to watch tennis do not have this luxury; seating at the outside courts is first come first served, and the stands are usually filled by 12:30. Unlike Americans, the British do not appear to mind the hour-and-a-half wait for play to begin; in fact, they seem to thrive on it. Finally, there are those who are content merely to mill about in the walkways, observing the scene, hoping for a glimpse of Chris and John, or maybe Björn. To them, Wimbledon is a lark, an annual two-week festival involving more than mere tennis. In truth, that's precisely what it is.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYtage

That singles are coming up is indicated by the placing of the stanchion in the alley before the net is raised.



The reasons for their cheery smiles: an afternoon off from school and ice lollies.



When it's festive, the official Wimbledon band most certainly does not play on.



During play, ball girls must stand just so and stock still. But, when all an itch is an itch.

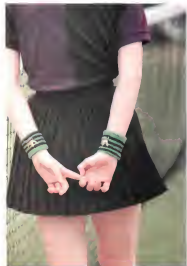




This may not be her first Wimbledon, but she and her refreshment retain their sparkle



It's only 4½ hours since the semi-final match began, but already you can read all about it





IT'S THE BERRIES

It is a short instruction, an order really, tucked away under the official announcements in the daily program. Yet in its simplicity and elegance the essence of the place rings as loud as the bells of St. Mary's, the nearby church whose steeple towers over all. Spectators are requested *NOT* to take crockery or cutlery on to the Stands. Get that now: Crockery. Not beer bottles or paper plates or Styrofoam coolers. Cutlery. Not plastic knives and forks. Where else could the general public be so admonished?

There are any number of other things, scenes, faces and marvelous souvenirs that are unique to the—take a deep breath—Lawn Tennis Championships, better known as Wimbledon. The smell of roses and hydrangeas and mowed grass. The taste of dripping ice lollies and soothing Pimm's Cups. The sound of rackets meeting balls—pock... pock... pock... or is it corries leaving champagne bottles? The feel of a crowd surging for position on the walkways at 5 all in the fifth set.

Wimbledon can be many different things, each of them very special. Garden Party. Class Struggle. Elizabethan Drama. Mass Lineup (say Queue). Carnival Crucible. Arthur Ashe says he was always "afraid" of Wimbledon. Jimmy Connors says he trains for it 50 weeks of the year, he calls Wimbledon "the Olympics." John Newcombe says, "It has a lot to do with your breaking point. You can find out anything you want to know about a person by putting him on Centre Court at Wimbledon." Well, you can and you can't. Newcombe won Wimbledon three times, Connors once, Ashe once. They're all experts. But none of them more so than Bjorn Borg, the immortal—at 24—Swede who has won four in a row. He was asked before his fourth if he had set a date to be married. He said yes: "After I win Wimbledon a fifth time in a row." Afraid? Olympics?

As Wimbledon belongs to England,

heart and soul, down to the last withered strawberry, so the players seem to belong to the English press; woe to those whose performances do not measure up. McEnroe: "Superbest." Wade: "Ginny Fizz." Reading about Wimbledon in London is nearly as much fun as being there. Even Borg and his coach, Len-



Wimbledon's artifacts are the toast of London

nart Bergelin—"the impervious ferret... programmed by some Merlin twiddling knobs in some Grimm castle," wrote a Guardian columnist—must take it on the chin occasionally. As a service to its outland readers, the London papers also offer such things as what to take along on the pilgrimage: "comfortable shoes... a small thermos flask... a sun hat... and to be really clever, wrap a few lettuce or cabbage leaves in a damp cloth and put one inside the hat... It sounds messy, but that leaf is wonderfully cooling."

Such bizarre attire is hardly recommended for the players. At Wimbledon, white is still the rule and the tournament, not its entrants, is still the thing. When most of the male pros boycotted Wimbledon in 1973, it was said two simians

could play on Centre Court and the stands would be filled. Then Jan Kodeš of Czechoslovakia and Alex Metreveli of the Soviet Union—the next best thing—met in the final and packed the house. During the rain-plagued 1978 Wimbledon, 29,000 people showed up on Splash Thursday, and though not a ball was struck, the crowd sat there with umbrellas up until it was time to go home. Then they left—peaceably, content. Wimbledon bestows no rain checks.

Wimbledon is referred to as "the Championships" by the 375 full-time All England Club members. It is merely the world championship to the rest of us. Given the tournament's epic stature, there is little wonder that journeyman (and woman) players, who suddenly—if ever so briefly—emerge at Wimbledon are written into history for all time.

A young Briton named John Lloyd upset Roscoe Tanner on opening day in 1977 to become an overnight hero in a country absolutely starved for one; Lloyd wasn't heard from again until he married that cute Evert girl from Florida. Last summer one Linda Siegel came bursting into the limelight simply by bursting out of her dress. Siegel won four games against Billie Jean King and then folded her tent, but the London tabloids screamed out about her for days.

To win Wimbledon, to win the world championship. For every player in the game, this is the ultimate goal. Ilie Nastase, who got to the final twice but will reach it no more, has been asked if he still cares about winning Wimbledon. "I care?" Nastase fairly snorted. "I tell you how I care. I have a dream that comes all the time during Wimbledon. Finally, I win this son of a bitch tournament, and I take my trophy and go all around the stadium, bowing to the people and giving the finger to everybody. Then I take my rackets and break them up in my hands. I throw them in the river, and I stop to play tennis."

Now that is caring. But, then, this is Wimbledon. —CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Champagne and prawns make a special picnic, but strawberries and cream are the tradition

Last Monday a 66-year-old former postal worker from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. named Ed Kuni boarded a Greyhound bus for a four-day transcontinental journey to Medford, Ore., where this Saturday he will begin a 900-mile backpacking hike up the Pacific Crest Trail through Oregon and Washington to Manning Provincial Park in British Columbia. Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night, nor volcanic ash—all of which Kuni will encounter to a depressing degree—will stay him from the reasonably swift completion of his appointed round, and when he finishes his trek at the Oregon-California border around the first of September, his reputation as one of America's hardest-

and quirkiest—backpackers will be secure. There is no precise way to measure achievement in backpacking, to determine which hiker is the champion, but for miles logged per day, use of survival skills and allegiance to an ascetic code of living on the trail, there is no one quite like Edmund John Kungonis.

Kuni shortened his name 20 years ago; is the only person known to have hiked the entire length of the 2,100-mile Appalachian Trail two years in succession, a feat he accomplished under trying circumstances in 1972 and 1973. Granted, he may also be the only person who ever wanted to do it, but that he pulled it off speaks volumes for his resolve. When he completes his traverse

of the Pacific Crest Trail, which he started last summer, he will be in a select club of about 300 hikers, probably none of them as old as he, to finish that 2,700-mile footpath. While easier in some respects than its Eastern counterpart, the PCT is much more demanding than the Appalachian Trail for a person of Kuni's age because of its more varied climates, ranging from above the 100° temperatures of the Anza and Mojave deserts to snowy 13,000-foot elevations in some parts of the Sierras.

And there is the matter of Mount St. Helens, in the Cascade Range, through which the Pacific Crest Trail passes, some 25 miles east of the volcano. To avoid the buildup of volcanic ash along the trail—and to protect himself lest the mountain erupt again while he's in the vicinity—Kuni has altered his course to the west of the range, adding 150 miles to his trip.

continued

When he worked in the post office, Ed Kuni had an inside job, but now that he's retired he's outdoors for months on end, hiking the 2,100-mile Appalachian Trail twice and now the ash-laden Pacific Crest Trail. **by JACK McCALLUM**

KING OF THE TRAILS



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Despite these considerable challenges, Kuni will, as usual, travel alone. In a recreational activity that brings together Boy Scout troops, old drinking buddies, high school spelunking clubs and even husbands and wives, Kuni remains a solo operator. Moreover, he will spend every night of his journey on the trail, sleeping either under the stars or in his tent, as he has on every previous expedition. This insistence on staying outdoors distinguishes Kuni from most backpackers, who during the course of a summer-long trek will spend at least a few nights off the trail in a motel or, at the very least, in one of the roofed three-sided lean-tos situated along the major trails. Some hikers respect Kuni for his stay-on-the-trail-or-bust philosophy; others say it means nothing except that Kuni is obsessed with the idea.

Maybe he is. "I remember one night on the Appalachian," he says. "It was storming to beat anything. Sleeting, raining, everything. I was taking a breather in one of the national fire towers. 'Hey, stay in here with us,' the rangers told me. I said, 'Sorry, I sleep only on the trail.' They looked at me kind of funny. 'I know what you're thinking,' I told them. 'You think I'm crazy.'"

Well, the word has been used. At times even Kuni's wife, Stella, is tempted to say it when describing him. Stomping around the kitchen of his small Wilkes-Barre home in a pair of high-priced Fabbino Brothers hiking boots direct from Italy, Kuni doesn't look particularly crazy, but his mind is far out—on the trail. "I take the biggest boot they make without it being special," he says, pouring a can of beer into a Davy Crockett mug. "It's a size 13. In 1972, when I started on the trail, my size was only 11, but with the constant weight of a 50- or 60-pound pack [twice what most hikers carry and made necessary by Kuni's insistence on living on the trail], the feet just spread out. I had to give away all my dress shoes." He fiddles with a foul-smelling, bone-dry wafer sort of thing that turns out to be a freeze-dried beefsteak. "You just soak it in a little salted water and fry it," says Kuni, "but not too long or it gets hard."

The paradox of Kuni's obsessive allegiance to the trail is that off it he seems like any other pensioned postal worker. There's nothing messianic about him, no born-again woodsman zeal. When he's not hiking, he's a man who shaves

every day, tends to his backyard vegetable garden and helps Stella with the canning. On the trail, he never shaves, and with his heavy pack, his hunched-over gait—it takes him a month or so to straighten up fully after a long hike—and his walking stick, he takes on the appearance of a character in folklore.

An unimposing 5'9", 165 pounds, Kuni was never a star athlete. "A few third places in the 440 in high school is about the best I did," he says. He never lifted weights, never played football, basketball or baseball and certainly never jogged, an activity for which he has nothing but contempt. But his love of the woods has always been there. His ear-



While on the trail, Kuni religiously reads his Bible and keeps a daily logbook that's for trekkers only

liest memories are of learning how to track and how to timber, and he was not very old when he decided he wanted to be a forest ranger. "I had all the booklets, everything," he remembers. "I could've gone to Penn State for about \$350 a semester then and taken up forestry." But it didn't happen. The year was 1933, the depth of the Depression, and his father, John, a Lithuanian immigrant who had opened a small tavern after his shoemaking business failed, didn't have the money. "I still remember the day my dad told me, 'Eddie, Eddie, we owe 11 years' taxes on the building. I just can't send you.' It is

the singular regret of Kuni's life that 47 years ago he couldn't begin training for the one job he really wanted to do.

Still, Kuni may have been luckier than most whose dreams were shattered by the Depression. After three years of road building, six years of driving a dry-cleaning truck and two years in the Army during World War II, he landed the postal job. He spent a few months carrying the mail but hated walking in the city, so he took a job in the office—"sitting on my butt." But what the job gave him, besides a place to sit, was plenty of spare

continued

time. Every weekend, every holiday and every vacation, Kuni would hunt, hike or fish in the mountains near his home, or hole up in his family's cabin at nearby Harvey's Lake.

It went on like that for the first dozen of Kuni's 20 years with the U.S. Postal Service. He was a weekend pioneer. But in 1955 he read about Earl Shaffer, who seven years earlier had become the first person to backpack the Appalachian Trail in one trip. Suddenly, there was a goal, a way, perhaps, of becoming the forest ranger he had dreamed of becoming. "Shaffer inspired me," says Kuni. "From the time I read that, I just couldn't wait to do it myself. On vacations I did some smaller hikes, maybe 200 or 300 miles, but no extended journey like the Appalachian Trail." The major obstacle was free time—or the lack of it. Kuni was only 41 and had to wait 17 years before he could retire from the post office and have all the time he needed. He nurtured the dream, reading every Appalachian Trail guidebook, every wildlife and survival book he could get his hands on. He tested equipment on his weekend jaunts. He wrote an outdoors column for the Wilkes-Barre *Sunday Independent*. But he never told anybody, not even his wife, about his plan to hike the entire trail until six weeks before his departure. "I guess Stella thought it was a joke, until she

saw all the equipment I was buying," remembers Kuni. "Then one day she said, 'Jesus, he must mean it!'"

On March 1, 1972, Kuni retired from his postal job, and on April 2, a month later, he was at Springer Mountain in Georgia, ready to start the AT, as hikers call it. One must understand what Kuni was embarking on at the age of 58. Traversing the AT represents something more than a Sunday stroll in the park, particularly if it's done in one sustained shot. The AT is the longest continuous marked trail in the world, stretching precisely 2,108.7 miles (as of May 30, according to the latest measurement by its chief archivist, Lester Holmes). The route is clear, but over most of the trail little or no improvement has been made, much of the path is quite narrow, rocky, even treacherous. Throw in Kuni's assiduousness on spending every night on the trail and you have a rather daunting task.

There's no doubt that by the time Kuni left for Springer Mountain in 1972, the hike had become an obsession, the culmination of years of planning and dreaming. And, in truth, that is not what hiking is all about. More than four million people use the Appalachian Trail every year, but only a few walk more than relatively short sections of it. Most hikers simply don't have the time for a two- or three-month effort, and those who do,

mainly students or retirees like Kuni, usually don't have the burning ambition or physical strength or Spartan outlook needed to stay on the trail that long. In short, hikers with modest goals comprise the bulk of those on the AT, and the Kuni type of long-distance crusader isn't necessarily held in high esteem.

"The trail is not a racetrack," says Holmes, former executive director of the Appalachian Trail Conference, which oversees the AT. "Most people do a bit of it this year, a bit of it next year."

Holmes knows and admires Kuni, but he would much rather talk about less obsessive hikers and their trail records, which have very little meaning to a non-stop trekker like Kuni. For example, Holmes says that Dr. Frederick Luehring, Princeton's first basketball coach and a former athletic director at the universities of Minnesota and Pennsylvania, is the oldest person (82) ever to complete the trail. Still living, in Swarthmore, Pa., the 98-year-old Luehring said it took him about 15 years, hiking only during the summer, to do the entire length. Norman A. Greist of North Haven, Conn. is another Holmes favorite; he started hiking the trail in 1929 and finished in 1975. So is Lowell Nottingham of Carlisle, Pa., who hiked from Springer Mountain to the base of Mount Katahdin in Maine, the 5,267-foot granite monolith that marks the end of the trail (hikers almost invariably do the AT from south to north because they can get out on the trail earlier in the year in the warmer South). Nottingham got halfway up Katahdin, stopped and came back down again because, he said, "there would be nothing to look forward to" if he finished the whole thing.

Having completed the trail twice in two summers, Kuni is obviously a different sort. Without his pioneer resolve, it is doubtful he would have completed the trail even once. On his first try, after he had traveled about 1,500 miles, he was caught in Hurricane Agnes, which ranged inland along the Atlantic Coast in late June 1972.

The amount of rain the dying storm dumped on Kuni and other hikers was bad enough, but while he was camped out in the mountains of Vermont, a fellow hiker told him that Wilkes-Barre was under 40 feet of water. Kuni's house is only 200 yards from the Susquehanna River. So he left the trail, his fears for Stella's safety vying with his frustration

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUFTNER



On the trail, life has few saucy moments for Kuni, who spends his time quietly at home with Stella



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at having to abandon a 17-year-old dream. When he arrived home, his wife was safe but his house was ruined. Along with thousands of other families in the Wyoming Valley, the Kuni had to start over practically from scratch. After an autumn and winter of rebuilding his home while living in a trailer, Kuni announced he was going back on the trail. "Well, you only have about 500 miles left to go," said Stella.

"Hell, no," said Kuni. "I want to do it in one trek." So in March 1973 it was back to Springer Mountain to start all over again. This time he made it all the way.

The writing in Kuni's logbook of his Appalachian journeys resembles the pace of his hiking—slow, steady, not too spectacular. It is recommended reading only for the ardent backpacker. But its matter-of-fact tone reflects the matter-of-fact manner with which Kuni paid his dues on the AT. His early start in 1973 exposed him to extremely cold weather during the initial part of his journey through Georgia, North Carolina and Virginia, and he began to worry about a constant numbness in the fingers of his right hand. The middle finger became red and infected. At one point in early May, Kuni left the trail to see a doctor, the physician prescribed antibiotics and warned him of the dangers of gangrene. Back on the trail, Kuni decided a few days later to take medical matters into his own hands. He wrote in his logbook on May 8: "I suddenly decided to lance my swollen middle finger. Removing the razor-sharp scalpel from my snakebite kit, I dipped it into my bottle of iodine before making the cut. Immediately gobs of matter gushed from the incision. Swabbing it with iodine, I bandaged the finger and went to bed. My log now shows I have 996 miles into the journey."

Hard prose. Hard man.

Fortunately, Kuni did not have to use his medical skills again on that journey (the finger slowly healed); it became instead just a plain old test of endurance against almost constant rain. During the long stretch from the border of New Hampshire to deep in northern Maine, much of it bogland, Kuni was drenched most of the time. But at last, on July 10, he reached the base of Katahdin, where he met a group of Sunday-school students who were camping. By this time, with his matted hair and beard, his well-worn clothes and his evident weariness,

Kuni looked very much like an Old Testament figure about to have an encounter with a burning bush. Perhaps it was for that reason that the Sunday-school group arose en masse at dawn the next morning to applaud Kuni as he began his ascent toward the summit of Katahdin. He gave no thought to turning back to "leave something for next year." For one thing, he says, he didn't know how many next years there would be. He climbed steadily upward, hoping the cloud cover would disperse so that he could enjoy the view. He wrote in his log on July 11: "When I reached the summit, as if by miracle, the clouds suddenly dispersed and the sun began to shine again. Spotting the weatherbeaten northern terminus sign, I hurried over to it and slipped off my pack. With tears of happiness in my eyes, I got down on my knees and read aloud a psalm of thankfulness to the Lord, from my trail-worn Bible, for guiding me safely for the past four months to reach my goal." The Sunday schoolers, thousands of feet below, would have loved it.

By then Kuni had already made up his mind to become the first person to traverse the Appalachian Trail twice in successive years, though one of the treks would not be uninterrupted. He had the previous year's hike as far as Vermont under his belt, so after spending the night on Katahdin, he turned around and started back down the trail. He says it took all of his mental endurance to stay on the trail the 18 days it took him to retrace those 500 miles. "I guess that's the only time in all my hiking life that I've been bored," he says. "With about 250 miles to go, I swear I almost walked off." But he didn't. He made it, thus carving his place in Appalachian Trail history, met his wife at Manchester Center, Vt. and spent the night in a motel. Kuni had to sleep on the floor because after five months of sleeping with no more than his sleeping bag and the plastic floor of his tent between himself and the bare ground, the soft bedding gave him cramps.

Kuni's back-to-back, no-motel trips earned him a permanent place on the roster of AT eccentrics, which is headed by Grandma Gatewood, the trail's most colorful character, who died in 1973 at the age of 85. She did the trail three times, twice in single-season summer hikes from May to September. The mother of 11

children and grandmother of 23, Gatewood, who did all her traversing of the AT when she was in her late 60s and early 70s, wore sneakers and carried so few belongings that a little denim sack could hold them all. Short of hiking the AT in a gold lamé jockstrap and a pair of platform shoes, there is no way Kuni can eclipse the Gatewood legend, but just for the record, he offers his assessment of Grandma.

"Oh, she's a legend and I guess she deserves it," he says, in about the tone William F. Buckley might use to praise a book by Gore Vidal. "But when I found out how she did it, my opinion changed a little. I mentioned her name along the trail, particularly down in Virginia, and people told me they'd invite her in overnight and she'd stay a week or two. Then she'd go on to the next village and do the same thing. I had always wondered how she kept her bags and sneakers in one piece, with all the wetness. Well, if you're stopping every couple days and drying off indoors for a week at a time, it would be easy."

Gatewood's form of bivouacking—if Kuni's information on it is correct—is for Kuni a violation of the code of the trail. He feels even more strongly about hikers who sign in at Springer Mountain and sign out at Mount Katahdin while skipping a lot in between. ("Oh, sure, we have some of that," says Holmes. "We really can't verify who does the whole trail and who doesn't." Shades of Rosie Ruiz.)

After completing his 1973 odyssey, Kuni stayed in shape by taking frequent hikes of 200 miles or so, in preparation for his next big challenge—the Pacific Crest Trail. The PCT wasn't designated a natural scenic trail until 1968, and it was not until 1970, 22 years after Earl Shaffer first covered the entire Appalachian Trail, that 18-year-old Eric Ryback became the first person to hike the PCT in one continuous trek. The trail, still not complete, passes through three states, California, Oregon and Washington, en route from the Mexican border to Canada. When the final sections are marked out—supposedly this year, but probably not until 1981—it will be about 600 miles longer than the Appalachian and thus will become the world's longest marked trail.

Kuni spent several months studying maps of the PCT and concluded that considering the desert and mountains he

continued

would encounter early, he had no choice but to do the journey in two stages, divided between the summers of 1979 and 1980. He would do the 1979 part south to north, from Mexico to the Oregon border. He also planned to send reports of his progress back to the *Sunday Independent* in Wilkes-Barre.

"I didn't let on to anybody," he says, "but I was a little worried about the Pacific Crest. I had never backpacked through desert and I hadn't had to deal with real high altitude. Many hikers get mountain sickness when they get over 10,000 feet, and I would have to go up to 13,200. A lot of people told me, 'Old man, if you get sick up on that mountain, you'll have to come down.'"

Nevertheless, in June of 1979, off he went on a cross-country bus trip to San Diego. He started his trek 50 miles to the east, near the town of Campo on the Mexican border, and his fears about the heat were well founded. In San Diego, he had seen a thermometer on a bank that read 103°. When he reached the Anza Desert, the trail's first really taxing stretch, the temperature was 120°.

The heat made his water too hot to drink. It gave him nosebleeds, which he had never experienced before. It melted five rolls of film and also the candles by which he read his Bible at night. "Old man," Mother Nature was telling him, "you can't walk in this sun." He changed strategy, staying in his tent by day and walking by night. That, too, had its perils—sidewinders and scorpions, for example, also favor nocturnal travel—but it enabled Kuni to stay on the trail, and he made it out of the desert.

A week later, in Southern California's Jawbone Canyon, he faced graver danger when four motorcyclists forced him off the road. Kuni, who struck back at one of them with his walking stick, seemed to be in deep trouble until two cowboys came along in a pickup and seared the cyclists away. The cowboys advised Kuni to carry a pistol, so at the first opportunity he got off the trail and bought a toy revolver in a novelty store. He never had cause to pull that threatening weapon on anyone, but he did have another brush with calamity near Kennedy Canyon in central California. He lost his footing and slid down the wall of the canyon, ending up with his left leg pinned between two boulders.

"I thought I had broken a leg for sure,"

he says, "and I thought I'd have to set the woods on fire to attract attention because I was really off the beaten path. It took me a long time but I got the pack off my back and pushed myself up with my walking stick. Then I wiggled my leg and it was all right, and I said, 'Thank you, Lord.'"

All in all, there were few easy days for Kuni on the Pacific Crest Trail, which is, in his words, "very illy-marked" compared to the Appalachian. Pickup spots for mail and so forth are not as numerous as on the AT, so Kuni could never be sure that his weekly reports were making it back to the *Sunday Independent* on time. In the best tradition of Stanley, who filed his Dr. Livingstone dispatches to *The New York Herald* from the jungle as best he could, Kuni often handed his column to a passing lumber-truck driver or to a forest ranger on horseback. And the *Independent* missed only two reports.

Kuni's 1,800-mile trek ended inside the Oregon border near Medford, which will be the starting point of his 900-mile final leg. Kuni had planned to do this last part north to south—"just for the hell of it, so I could be walking downhill for a change"—but the U.S. Forest Service, which administers the trail, said that because of residual snow on the northern mountains it would be wiser to leave that section for warmer days later in the summer. As for Mount St. Helens, when it erupted this spring Kuni's first thought was, "Oh, no. It was a hurricane once, now it's a volcano that's trying to stop me." He asked the Forest Service what his chances were of completing the second leg of his journey. Kuni says, "They basically told me, 'Who knows when it's going to go off again? But I can't wait to be certain. I may be too old before I get the chance again. The only precaution I can take is to have a gauze face mask along to protect myself from the ash.'"

One thing the volcano did change, irrevocably, was Kuni's planned rendezvous with Harry Truman, the 84-year-old mountain man who lived at the base of Mount St. Helens and who apparently was killed when his lodge was destroyed by the eruption and buried under tons of mud. Kuni had bought a bottle of bourbon to take to Truman, whose taste for the stuff had been widely publicized. "I don't know what to do now," Kuni says. "I don't like bourbon myself. I suppose I'll just get as close as I can to

where his cabin was and drink a bottle of beer there."

Mount St. Helens notwithstanding, Kuni has the easiest part of the Pacific Crest Trail ahead of him. Although the Oregon and Washington portions are mostly through mountains, he won't have to face the varied conditions that made the California part of his expedition the most difficult of his life—although they certainly added to his historical perspective. For instance, Kuni can't understand how the 1846 Donner party starved as it attempted to cross the Sierras. Most people are appalled by the story—only 40 of the 87 members of the Donner group made it across the mountains, and they were forced to eat the bodies of the dead to stay alive—but Kuni is more shocked by the leaders' lack of survival skills.

"They were right near Lake Tahoe," he says, "and you shouldn't have to die when you're by a lake. Was the ice so thick they couldn't drill through it to catch some fish? And why couldn't they have eaten the inner bark of trees? There's plenty of sugars in there."

Although Kuni is devoted to backpacking and the great outdoors and for 20 years has espoused environmental causes in his newspaper column, he is not a fanatical preacher of the cause. Nor does he strap on his backpack and head out into the wilderness to brood about the fate of mankind, à la Thorcau. He's not mad at the world. He just likes to pack up and go.

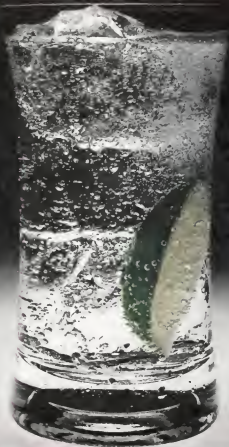
"Sometimes I don't know myself why I go," he says. "It's not that I want to get away from anybody. I've been with the same woman for 38 years, and that's my answer to people who wonder about my home life. It's like I tell Siella all the time, 'I get the calling and I have to go.'"

Why? To some questions there are simple answers, and that's probably true in the case of Ed Kuni, who at 66 likes to live under the stars, night after night, all alone. He says his most memorable moment on the trail occurred one October night on the Adirondack Park Trail in northern New York State. A flock of geese flew above the trees, and just for an instant, Kuni saw them silhouetted against a full moon.

"Who in the hell could ever see anything like that unless they were out in the wilderness?" Kuni remembers asking himself. And he was quite satisfied with the answer.



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Todd Hunter, a 10-year-old pitcher in the Perquimans County (N.C.) Youth League, gave up a home run to the first batter he faced one night last week, but his coach voiced great empathy. "Don't you worry none," he said. "You pitched just like me." Glory be if that actually turns out to be true.

The pitcher's coach—and father—is Jim (Catfish) Hunter, 34, a Hertford, N.C. farmer who retired from the major leagues in 1979 after a 15-year career with Kansas City/Oakland and New York (he never played in the minors) that produced 224 wins and 166 losses. He pitched a perfect game, had five consecutive seasons of 20 or more wins, and in 1974 received the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in the American League.

But Hunter also established a league record for most home runs allowed in a career (374), the record for most home runs allowed in World Series competition (9) and tied the major league records for surrendering most homers in one inning (4) and in All-Star Games (4).

The other day Hunter was chewin' and spittin' (he gives his 6-year-old daughter, Kim, a chew so she can chew along) and

hit at the same time and you can't let all them balls roll between your legs. It ain't funny to get beat."

But Hunter doesn't launch into tirades. "You get on these kids," he says, "and they cry. You get on older guys and they want to fight you. It's best not to get on nobody." One parent, Mary Corprew, sitting in the stands snapping beans, says, "Having Jimmy as coach gives us a big advantage. Of course, the scores haven't shown that." The scores to date were 5-6, 6-24, 3-14 and 7-16. "What this has taught me," says Hunter, "is that I don't never want to coach no higher than Little League."

Bethel finally won a game, 9-8 over Belvidere Whiteston, by scoring three runs in the bottom half of the last inning. "I must be dreaming," exulted Hunter. Then he turned around to notify his players, unaccustomed as they were to such things, that they had won. "How did we win?" one asked.

For many big-leaguers, it would be a long descent from Yankee Stadium to a field outside Hertford, a town of 2,000 that prides itself as being the home of the world's largest S-shaped bridge. For



Jim and Kim are chewin' about their tobacco

Look homeward, Yankee

The rest of the country may know him as Catfish, but to the folks in Perquimans County, N.C. he's just plain Jimmy Hunter, father, farmer and struggling coach

recalling that he used to give up so many homers early in a game that when the Yankee manager would come to the mound and ask the late Thurman Munson how he was throwing, Thurman would grouse, "How the hell do I know? I ain't caught a pitch yet."

And until last Thursday night, Hunter's team—Bethel, named for an area of Perquimans County—had yet to catch a win, having gone 0-4. After one debate, Hunter pointed out some of baseball's finer points to his team of 9- to 12-year-olds: "You can't blow bubbles and

Jim Hunter (no Carolinian who knows him well calls him Catfish), it's an ascent to Heaven. He was born there, raised there, played baseball there and was chopping peanuts there when a scout for Charlie Finley signed him to a major league contract with Kansas City in 1964. It was also Finley's idea to give Hunter the attention-getting name Catfish. In 1974, as the first free agent, Hunter signed a \$2.9 million contract to pitch five years for the Yankees. Afterward, he said, he would go home to Hertford, his wife, kids, friends and the land he loves. And

he did. "He knew everybody when he left," says another Youth League parent, Wilbur Ray Bass, "and he remembered everybody when he come home." There is not an ounce of the big-time star in this good ol' country boy. One of his best friends, pharmacist Charles Woodard, says, "The only way he'll leave here is if they bury him somewhere else."

Folks thereabouts pride themselves in saying that Jimmy is no rich celebrity to them. Mayor Bill Cox says, "We don't think about his money. After all, when you've never been rich, it's not so bad being poor." Still, truth be known, heads do turn a bit when Jimmy Hunter shows up. Carolyn Trueblood, mother of two youngsters on the team, says, "The other-

continued

er teams all envy us that we've got Jimmy. And anybody who could make all that money must be good, right?" Her husband, Rocky, suggests, "If they can't learn from him, they ain't got no chance at all."

Hunter says he volunteered to mow the baseball field so he wouldn't have to coach. He even bought a \$7,000 John Deere mower to do the job right. But not only did his caretaker duties expand to include raking and dragging, fertilizing, lining and picking up trash, but he was also strong-armed into being a co-coach with Wayne Perry. "I told 'em the only way I'd do it is to be equal with Wayne," says Hunter. "That way, if a mama yells, she'll have to yell at both of us." However, in practice Hunter is more equal than Perry, a building contractor who laments, "If only the boys would do just what Jimmy tells them." But, of course, being kids they don't. Hunter says, "Nobody wants to listen. Everybody knows too much." It's easy to see that the kids aren't awed. Says Tim Corprew, nine, "I never think about who he is. I'm just glad to play baseball, no matter who's coaching."

Hunter hollers at his youngsters ("You look like the Bad News Bears") and entrusts them to watch the ball and not to duck their heads when hitting or turn away when fielding. "I do this," he says, "because I just like being around 'em."

Belvidere Whistons' coach, Richard Stallings, insists, "He's no different than any of the rest of us. He says exactly the same things we do. We don't want to beat him particularly. We just want to beat the best team." Of course, by that definition, this excludes Hunter's hardy band of heroes. One of Hunter's brothers, Marvin, says, "I think Jimmy is a good pitching instructor. Hitting? I'm not sure." Helen Hunter assesses her husband's coaching this way: "Well, he tries hard."

As if it's not bad enough that your brother and wife don't give you raves, son Todd, the best player on the team, says, "Aw, he's not much good." But Todd's view is tainted because he mostly plays catcher, pitcher and third base, which he doesn't like, and shortstop only a little, a position he likes a lot.

While Hunter regrets that kids today don't play baseball nearly as much as they used to, he has learned enough about coaching to talk optimistically about next season. "These other teams better laugh

now," he says, "because next year they might beat us once and the year after, no times."

Later, Hunter gives some visitors a detailed look around his 230 acres of farmland, it never occurring to him that to an outsider, all soybeans look alike. He allows that while he misses the fun in the clubhouse ("playing cards in your underwear and spitting across the room"), he has no fond memories of last season, when he struggled to a 2-9 record and had persistent shoulder troubles.

He follows the Yankees casually (they will pay him for 17 more years) by looking at the box scores and laughs when reminded of his famous quote about a candy bar named after Reggie Jackson: "When you unwrap one, it tells you how good it is." How good Jimmy Hunter is as a coach may take a while to figure, but he is already a very good example of down-home values for the kids of Perquimans County.

THE WEEK

June 4-10
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST "This is scary," said Lee Mazzilli of the Mets (5-2), reflecting on the otherworldly quality of the team's string of come-from-behind victories. A 4-2 Pirate advantage was turned into a 6-4 New York triumph as the Mets stole four bases and Steve Henderson singled in two runs in the seventh. Then came the Mets' first three-game sweep of the Dodgers since 1974. New York, down 4-0 in the fourth inning of the opener, won 5-4 as Tom Hausman hurled five innings of shutout relief and John Stearns' apparent double-play grounder bad-hopped into centerfield and brought home two runs. The next night, Craig Swan gave up six hits and became a 6-2 winner when Mike Jorgensen hit a grand slam in the 10th. In the fifth inning of the finale, the Mets trailed 5-0, but no sweat. They won 6-5 thanks to three Dodger errors and three scoreless innings by Reliever Neil Allen, who got his 10th save. Then came another shocker against the Giants, who carried a 6-0 lead into the sixth. Henderson gave New York a 7-6 victory when, with two out in the bottom of the ninth, he climaxed a five-run rally with his first homer of the season, a three-run shot off Allen Ripley. Believe it or not. This topped off a .423 week for Henderson, whose .341 average is the league's third best.

New York, once 9-18, has won 18 of its last 28 games. "Eerie," said Mazzilli.

No one, however, gained on the Expos (6-1), who led the East by two games. With three pitchers ailing and with Andre Dawson joining a lengthy list of injured players with a bruised right wrist after going 9 for 16, a call for help went out to the farm clubs. Up from Denver came Charley Lea, who pitched eight innings against the Padres and won 9-1. Up from Memphis came Brad Mills, who took over at third base against right-handed pitching for injured Larry Parrish and had 10 hits in 17 at bats. Meanwhile, Rodney Scott scored nine runs, Warren Cromartie batted .414 and Ron LeFlore hit .423 and stole a base in all seven games. Overall, the Expos hit .329 for the week, including .351 with runners in scoring position. Even one of the walking wounded contributed. After breaking and dislocating his ring finger during pregame pepper, Chris Speier put the finger back in place himself, played the full game and scored the decisive run in a 7-6 defeat of the Padres by sliding home headfirst in the ninth. Along the way, the Expos tied a team record by extending their winning streak to 10 games.

Since signing with Houston in 1969, Mike Easler has been shuttled to St. Louis, California, Pittsburgh, Boston and back again to the Pirates (4-3). Despite batting .352 in the American Association in 1976 and a league-leading .330 in the International in 1978, he has never landed a steady job in the big leagues. Last week, Easler, who has batted only 87 times this season, raised his home-run output to 10, his batting average to .414 and his slugging percentage to a resounding .851.

"That's what Cy Young must have looked like," said Phillie Manager Dallas Green after Steve Carlton, with last-inning relief from Tug McGraw, beat the Padres 3-1. That left Carlton with an 11-2 record, a 1.78 ERA and 118 strikeouts in 116 innings. Supporting him were Mike Schmidt's 20th homer and Greg Luzinski's 15th Philadelphia (3-3) also defeated San Diego 9-6, starting off the game with seven straight hits, one short of the major league mark.

Chicago (2-4) was shut out for the ninth time, 3-0 by Houston, and then lost to Atlanta 7-6. Dave Kingman was a day late returning to the club after going to San Diego to check on an alleged burglary in his house there. Although there was some question the burglary occurred (the local police had no record of it), there was no question that Kingman suffered a loss (the Cubs fined him a day's pay, or approximately \$1,250).

Whitney Herzog's first day as the new skipper of the Cardinals (3-4) began with two misadventures. After missing a plane to Atlanta, where he was to join the team, Herzog caught a later flight and then ran up a \$32 taxi fare when the cabbie took him to the wrong hotel. Herzog found a later turnaround more pleasing as the Cardinals brought enough runs

continued

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around the bases to beat the Braves 8-5. George Hendrick won the game with five RBIs and a three-run homer in the 10th. He defeated the Braves again two days later by singling in the 10th for a 4-3 victory.

**MONT 33-21 PIT 32-24 PHIL 29-24
NY 27-28 CH 23-30 STL 21-36**

NL WEST It was the seventh inning in New York, the score was 6-5 in favor of the Mets. Steve Garvey of the Dodgers (2-4) was on first and Ron Cey was at the plate with a 2-2 count. He came the pitch. A ball. Cey, thinking it was ball four, headed for first. Garvey compounded the gaffe by trotting toward second, where he was tagged out on a throw by Cancher John Stearns. L.A. lost 6-5 and fell to second despite Dusty Baker's five-homer week.

Houston (5-1) took a two-game lead and ran its victory streak to eight before losing in Pittsburgh. During those eight wins, the Astros outthrew the opposition .314 to .179. The last triumph came on J.R. Richard's third consecutive shutout, a 3-0 whitewash of Chicago that lowered his ERA to 1.50, the best by any starter in either league. Then it was on to Pittsburgh, where Houston had been 26-102 since entering the league in 1962. After losing to the Pirates 5-3, the Astros won 7-3 as they pounded out 16 hits, two by Denny Walling, who batted .579.

Rookie Charlie Leibrandt of the Reds (3-3) was a three-time winner—1-0 over the Padres on a two-hitter and 5-2 against the Cardinals. Seven straight steals gave Dave Collins 24 in 26 attempts. After 10½ innings and four run delays totaling 326, a Cincy game against the Padres was called off at 2:30 a.m. with the score 6-6. Cincinnati salvaged the tie after returning from the third delay to score four runs in the ninth.

San Francisco (3-3) weathered the rains even better, winning 3-1 in Philadelphia in a game that ended at 3:12 a.m. after nearly five hours of delays. Jack Clark's two-run homer in the eighth put the Giants ahead to stay. Aida Blue beat the Mets 3-1 for his ninth win.

Despite the 10-for-20 hitting of new Third Baseman Tim Lincecum, the Padres (10-6) continued to sputter. San Diego, which has lost 15 of 18 games, fell into a virtual tie for fourth with Atlanta (2-4). Home runs led to both Braves victories. Dale Murphy and Gary Matthews homered as Phil Niekro beat St. Louis 5-2. And during a 7-6 win in Chicago, Murphy slammed another and Bruce (Egg) Benedict hit his first ever in 377 at bats.

**HOUS 34-22 LA 33-25 CIN 32-36
SD 25-34 ATL 23-32 SF 24-34**

AL WEST Wayne Nordengen, a seldom-used outfielder for the White Sox (1-4), told the press he could "carry this club on my back" if he

played regularly. Thus, after the 225-pound Nordengen homered during a 7-4 victory over Toronto, 230-pound teammate Lamar Johnson jumped on his back at the dugout and hollered, "O.K., Nurdy, carry us." Even so, it was Ed Farmer who continued to shoulder the main load. Farmer narked down the win over the Blue Jays with 3½ innings of scoreless relief that earned him his 14th save.

"After two years, the pitchers are finally hitting my bat," was the modest appraisal of Clint Hurdle of the Royals (4-2) after the 1978 phenom-turned-philop raised his average to .310. Willie Aikens also began to measure up, getting four RBIs as Kansas City beat Cleveland 8-4 and adding three more as Larry Gura stopped Milwaukee 4-3 for his eighth win. When George Brett slid into second against the Indians, he was simultaneously safe (the stole the base) and out (the stole a leg) in his right foot and will be sidelined for about two weeks.

Seattle (4-3) was the only other Western club with a winning record. A home run by Juan Beniquez in the 13th downed Boston 8-7 and completed a comeback from a 5-0 deficit. Tom Paciorek homered in both of Glenn Abbott's victories—5-0 against New York and 7-6 over Baltimore.

Before the A's (3-4) tangled with the Yankees (page 30), they knocked off the Orioles twice. Mike Norris went 14 innings against Baltimore and picked up his seventh victory when former Oriole Tony Armas unloaded a grand slam for a 6-2 victory.

"What we need is a laughier to get us out of the doldrums," said Ferguson Jenkins of the Rangers (2-4). "We're like a team waiting for a funeral." Jenkins briefly put some life into the club when he defeated Milwaukee 3-1.

For the last-place Angels (1-6), both the pitching stats and medical reports were filled with dispiriting numbers. California hurlers gave up 83 hits, including 12 homers, 57 runs and 37 walks (11 in a 13-8 loss to Baltimore). Opponents also stole 17 bases. Bruce Kison, who is in the first season of a five-year, \$2.465 million contract, became the 18th injured Angel and the fifth on the disabled list when his pitching arm became so weak he couldn't "throw the hard-breaking ball."

Minnesota (2-5) barely stayed in front of California. Four double plays and a six-run fifth earned the Twins past the Tigers 9-5.

**KC 36-22 CH 29-26 OAK 29-30 SEA 28-31
TEX 26-32 MINN 23-25 CAL 21-35**

AL EAST Detroit (5-1) pitchers have been going to class in recent weeks and their report cards indicate they are learning their lessons well. "We must talk about yesterday's game," Pitcher Milt Wilcox says of the sessions, which were set up by Manager Sparky Anderson and also include Pitching Coach Roger Craig. "They're

trying to get guys to think positively and to be aggressive." Since May 27, when the staff's ERA was at a bleak level (5.10), the Tiger pitchers have had a passable 3.51 while winning nine of 13 games. Only seven of Detroit's first 42 starters this season went the route, but six of the last 12 have done so, including Wilcox, who stopped Chicago 8-3. Pat Underwood went 8½ innings as he beat the Twins 8-4 with the help of Champ Summers' two home runs. Rookie Don Patey got an "A" when heaced Chicago 3-0. The Tigers won even though they were out of 9 to 3 and failed to get a hit off Britt Barnes for the first 6½ innings. Detroit scored two runs in the sixth without a base hit, capitalizing on a walk, a sacrifice, an error, a sacrifice fly, a stolen base, another error and a balk.

Toronto (3-3) also scored twice without a hit, pushing across two runs in the ninth to beat Texas 7-6. The Blue Jays did it by combining three walks with an error and a sacrifice fly. Noteworthy, too, were Jim Clancy's four-hit, 1-0 win over Chicago and Barry Bonnell's 13th-inning two-run double, which polished off Minnesota 6-4.

Dwight Gooden New York (4-3) twice beat California in extra innings, 8-7 when

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MIKE EASLER The 29-year-old Pittsburgh outfielder hit for the cycle in one game against Cincinnati and had 10 RBIs overall, eight runs scored, five homers, one double, two triples and a rebounding .625 average (15 for 24).

Bob Watson singled in the 10th and 9-7 when Bobby Mercer had a two-run pinch hit in the 11th. Willie Randolph's remarkable on-base streak ended at 16. During that span Randolph reached safely by means of seven hits, six walks, being hit by a pitch, an error and a fielder's choice.

Milwaukee (3-4) beat Texas 7-1 and 8-1 as Sesto Leccano twice had three RBIs. Three homers, including Ben Oglavie's 16th and Robin Yount's 10th, enabled the Brewers to defeat Kansas City 5-2.

The Red Sox (6-1) climbed over .500 as they slugged 15 home runs, four by Butch Hobson and three by Jim Rice. Added to that was the fine relief pitching of Skip Lockwood, who pitched 3½ hitless innings to hold off Seattle 5-4, and by Tom Burgmeier, who earned his third victory and 10th and 11th saves.

Cleveland (4-2) also nudged above the break-even level. Two of the wins went to John Denny, who beat Chicago 7-2 and Minnesota 6-2 to bring his record to 7-4.

Two-run homers by Benny Ayala and Ken Singleton of the Orioles (3-4) gave Steve Stone a 4-1 victory over the Mariners.

**NY 36-21 ME 31-24 BOS 30-27 CLEV 28-27
TOR 27-28 BAL 28-30 DET 26-28**

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Photographed at Lake Beauport, Jasper, Canada

It's a motley crowd, the Chicago Sting, the club currently leading the North American Soccer League's American Conference with a 12-3 record, second best in the league behind the Seattle Sounders. Their German-American coach, Willy Roy, keeps bees and uses geese for watchdogs at his home. Team Vice-President Charlie Evrman was once a Detroit Tiger bat boy. Owner Lee Stern made his money trading soybean futures. Midfielder Bret (Kato) Hall is half Scottish, half Chinese. And the equipment manager, Willy Steinmüller, was one of the few white players on the otherwise all-black Indianapolis Clowns, a Globetrotters-style baseball team. One of his duties was to carry a midjet around in a suitcase. But on the field, as the Sting demonstrated in beating the New England Teamen 5-2 last Saturday night, Chicago is strictly bratwurst and Beck's beer, a German-style team as smooth as Schlager and speedy as a Porsche.

Like Seattle and last year's Soccer Bowl champion Vancouver, both of which field decidedly English squads, Chicago has opted for unimaginationism over the more usual NASL practice of assembling a U.N. smorgasbord. What these teams have achieved is a unified style that they hope, come playoff time, can overcome the multimillion-dollar hodgepodge that is the Cosmos lineup. And because Seattle and Vancouver, the latter having a dismal season so far, and the Cosmos are all in the National Conference, the Sting looks to have a better than fair shot at reaching the Soccer Bowl in all its Teutonic splendor.

Out in suburban Northbrook, the Sting has leased a community park clubhouse and turned it into a

paneled, beer-stein-decorated Bavarrinn chalet. Here, at what has become Bundesliga West, one of the principal reasons for the Sting's success holds court. A feisty, elegant little midfielder, Arno Steffenhagen, 30, is the team captain. With his full brown beard and serious look, he resembles a U-boat commander from Central Casting.

"There are several of us out there who think alike about soccer," he says in fine English. "It's telepathic. We've played together in America for three seasons, and some of us were on the same teams in Germany and Holland. The major reason we do so well is that we know what the other guy is thinking."

At first-division Hertha Berlin, Steffenhagen's teammates were Karl-Heinz Granitz, who has become the Sting's most explosive scorer, and the crafty Danish Winger Jorgen Kristensen. Kris-

tensen also played with Dutch Forward Peter Ressel in Rotterdam. Even the team's Haitian International defender, Frantz Mathieu, speaks fluent German after two years in the second division there. And the Sting's top draft choice this year, Midfielder Rudy Glenn of Indiana University, attended high school in Mannheim.

The architect of the Sting is the 37-year-old Roy, who arrived in Chicago from Germany at age 11. Roy was an All-America wrestler at the University of Illinois and later an NASL star. In 1977 he was raised from assistant to head coach when the incumbent, Bill Foukles of England, had a terrible first half of the season. In 1978 new president Clive Toye, the Englishman who masterminded the Cosmos' acquisition of Pele, installed another Britisher, Malcolm Musgrove, as coach. But Musgrove got off to

a disastrous 2-14 start and Roy was back in charge again. Last year, Roy led the Sting to a 16-14 record and the playoffs without the services of the heart of the team; Steffenhagen suffered a knee injury in the first game and was sidelined for the rest of the season. The doctors thought he would never play again. But his fierce determination plus a whole lot of physiotherapy brought him back.

Between seasons, owner Stern, who had been ready to throw in the towel and sell the Sting, changed his mind and came up with the bucks to buy Phil Parkes, a goalkeeper of the first rank. At Vancouver last year, Parkes had the lowest goals-against average in the league, .96. With Parkes, plus hard-kicking American Greg Ryan and Mathieu, the Sting beefed up a lagging defense.

Roy, who still speaks

continued

Gemütlichkeit in Chi

The Chicago Sting looms larger, er, larger, by the week as Coach Willy Roy and his Teutonic troops try to tap their full potential



Granitz, on the move here against Washington, is third in the NASL in scoring

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CS1-60

SOCCER continued

with a strong accent, says, "German soccer is the most exciting in the world and that's what we found here. We get fine support from the German-American community, but the real reason for all our Germans is that they're winners."

"Most of our European players have come from winning teams. They're in the habit of winning. We play a short passing game, working the ball downfield—not that boot-it-and-run English game. Also, we have four players who score goals, so it's difficult to key on our men."

"We have a common cause, a common belief that we will be league champions. Even our big shooters such as Granitz have stopped acting like stars. We're all pulling our weight, and I know we'll do it."

Chicago isn't up to the Total Soccer style of the great Dutch and German World Cup teams, whose players exchange roles as the game dictates. But they play a version of it in which three forwards remain upfield, ready to counterattack, and many of the Sting's 35 goals this season have come on breakaways.

"I don't know if it's German," says Parkes, "but I do know that with the extra help missing in the back, I've had to stop more shots this year already than all last season in Vancouver."

When the Sting took the field against New England in Comiskey Park Saturday night, 11,131 fans were on hand. With a 5-9 record, the Teamen have suffered from the handicap of a Flo-thru defense, which the Sting, giving a demonstration of German finesse, penetrated twice in the first half, giving up one New England goal in return.

In the second half Granitz scored twice. Believing they had been victimized by indecisive refereeing, the Teamen virtually stopped playing when the linesman signaled offside and was overruled by the referee. New England Keeper Kevin Keelan threw the ball out to Jack Carmichael, one of his defenders, who pushed the ball back into the net for an own-goal. Perhaps in frustration, the Teamen then proceeded to turn the rest of the game into a parody of the NHL brand of ice hockey. Canadian Forward Garnett Moen viciously elbowed Glenn in the face. English Forward Bob Newton loos-

ened four teeth and possibly fractured the jaw of Sting Sweeper Heest Blankenberg and was ejected from the game.

Roy was furious. "I'm running out of players," he said. "There are such boro teams in the NASL, all they can do is try to kill us."

And Steffenhagen added, "You hardly see this in hockey. Our penalty for skill is pain. It's crazy."



Roy knows he has a winner—if his players can stay whole

Afterward, the Sting repaired to the heart of the Chicago German community, Lincoln Avenue, which has a line-up of nightclubs and restaurants replete with giant inflated Adidas soccer balls, signed photographs of Franz Beckenbauer, Gerd Mueller and Sepp Maier, plus cuckoo clocks and stag antlers.

In the Zum Lieben Augustin bar, as Willy Roy worked thirstily at an enormous stein of Beck's, his mood improved. Phil Parkes' 9-year-old son Dean had managed to get hold of a microphone and was filling the room with his version of Blue Suede Shoes. The band went along with the youngster, and Roy smiled. "Ah, when you're winning, when you're on your way, even the beer tastes better," he said. Indeed it does, and if the Sting can avoid being pounded into intensive care as penalty for the finesse of its soccer, the beer should taste positively ambrosial.

END



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It was a nice tidy operation the NFL had going for it. A television payoff of around \$5 million for each club, each season, made it practically impossible for any team to lose money. There was no freedom of movement for the players; the five-year contract signed by the league and the Players Association in February 1977 saw to that. There would be none of the club-jumping that turned the NBA into something of a nomad league, none of the million-dollar auctions that turned baseball into a sport for high rollers.

And NFL salaries were low. Not low compared to what a night watchman or army sergeant might take home, but certainly less than the pay of basketball and baseball players. "We've kept our pay scale within the bounds of sanity," was the way the NFL people put it.

But a month and a half ago a chill wind blew down from Canada and changed all that. NFL owners aren't going to go broke, but the league's salary structure has been elevated a notch or two. Eric Harris did that. A 6' 3", 200-pound cornerback who spent the last three years playing for the Toronto Argonauts, Harris signed a \$1.04 million contract with Kansas City in April. Harris' deal led to a rash of quick signings and million-dollar contracts for top-level NFL draft picks. It also created much bitterness and backbiting among the Lords of Football, and now many NFL owners have a feeling that perhaps the party's over.

Going into the 1977 draft, Harris, who played at Memphis State, was regarded as one of the two best defensive backs and one of the top 14 players on the board. But before he could be chosen he signed a three-year contract with Toronto and became a "someday maybe" prospect for the NFL. Kansas City then took him on the fourth round. After completing his CFL obligations last season, Harris decided to return to the U.S. and take advantage of the one provision in the NFL Players Association contract that allows an athlete to sell himself to the highest bidder. After two or more years in Canada, the contract stipulates, a player can come home and auction his services; however, the club that drafted him gets to

sign him if it matches the highest offer. New Orleans came up with a big-backs deal for Harris, Kansas City matched it and Harris became a Chief. But the price was stiff, and when the figures got out, a minor panic gripped the NFL.

Harris' four-year package is worth \$1,040,000, with \$700,000 of it a deferred bonus to be paid from 1985 to 1995, plus a \$150,000 low-interest loan. His salary over the next four seasons will be \$90,000, \$100,000, \$120,000 and \$130,000. Best of all, the whole thing is guaranteed; the \$1.04 million will be paid out even if Harris suffers disabling injury in his first game for the Chiefs. In baseball and basketball, guaranteed contracts are common; in the high-risk world of the NFL, there are very few such arrangements.

When news of Harris' contract surfaced, NFL clubs quickly moved to sign picks from the April 29-30 draft before they, too, went north for a few enriching years. New England gave its first choice, cornerback Roland James, a six-



Top NFL draft picks are getting rich quick, thanks in part to Bruce Clark (77), who chose Toronto over Green Bay.

The Canadian connection

year contract worth \$1,015,000 (\$200,000 bonus deferred until 1986, with a salary that progresses from \$75,000 to \$225,000, not bad numbers considering that James was the 14th player picked in the draft and the second cornerback. (The highest-paid cornerback in the NFL last season reportedly was San Diego's Willie Buchanon at \$175,000.)

A couple of days later the Jets signed Lam Jones, the Texas flanker and the second player drafted. Mike Trope, Jones' agent, divulged some self-serving figures—he apparently wanted to advertise Jones' six-year deal as the first \$2 mil-

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

lion rookie package in NFL history—but his numbers may be high. Jones' salary begins at \$100,000 and ends at \$205,000. There was a \$250,000 signing bonus, plus a \$200,000 loan, and there's a \$300,000 deferred bonus, payable in 1983. Total package: \$1.4 million.

Trope purportedly told the Jets he wanted Jones' contract to look like a \$2 million deal, and that's where the funny money came in. The deferred bonus is projected as \$900,000 payable over 30 years, starting in 1986, but there is a proviso: in 1983 the Jets can buy out that bonus at \$300,000, a procedure they most assuredly will follow. The \$900,000 figure is strictly cosmetic.

When news of Jones' contract terms leaked out, other clubs were furious at Jim Kensil, the Jets' president. "What I want to know is, What's the damn rush?" one general manager said. "Why this big panic to sign a guy a couple of days after the draft—and at those kind of numbers? He's just killing the whole league, that's what he's doing."

"What really hurts is that \$100,000 starting-salary base," an official of another club said. "That kills you with your veteran players. They can understand a big bonus—O.K., that's the times—but when a 10-year veteran lines up next to a rookie who's making the same base pay, the vet is going to be furious. In the old days [as recently as last year] you'd go high on the bonus but keep the base pay fairly low. But all that's changed."

"I couldn't care less what other people think," says Kensil. "I didn't get hired to win a popularity contest."

Seattle fell into line right behind the Jets, signing its top choice, Texas A&M Defensive End Jacob Green, to a six-year contract worth a reported \$1,085,000. Los Angeles signed its No. 1, Defensive Back Johnnie Johnson out of Texas, to a six-year deal worth \$1,115,000, with a starting salary of \$100,000. The rush was on, and it was propelled by fear—each team's fear that its top pick would take off for a couple of years in Canada and then come back for the auction.

"They're decent people up there in Canada, and they're not going to like the idea of being used," says Giants General Manager George Young. "Besides, only two clubs up there get involved in all this, Montreal and Toronto. And I think they're going to get tired of the idea of players just putting in time so they can come back here."

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

That's one view. There's another. "The idea of a two-year rental is a clear threat, and we're all aware of it," says Jim Finks, the Bears' general manager.

"I've heard people say, 'Well, the CFL only takes one big-name player a year,'" says Colt executive Ernie Accorsi, "but what if it's yours? It's like sitting on a hand grenade."

Late in May the grenade went off. Green Bay's No. 1 selection, Bruce Clark, a defensive tackle from Penn State and the fourth player picked, was signed by Toronto. Kaboom! One reason for Clark's defection: he didn't want to play middle guard in Green Bay's three-man line. His contract is for one year and there is an option year. His signing bonus was \$58,000 and his salary is \$150,000 this year and \$165,000 the next—a \$373,000 package. The sweetener is a \$250,000 loan that is repayable if Clark returns to the States, but that becomes a bonus—which he won't have to pay back—if he decides to stay in Canada. That special kicker should set the tone for future Canadian contracts.

Meanwhile, the signings have trickled in. A few of the numbers were eye-catching. Oklahoma's Billy Sims, the No. 1 pick in the draft, got a bundle from the Detroit Lions rumored at (rumor must suffice because there is a "confidentiality clause" in the contract) \$1,740,000 for three years and an option season—\$1 million bonus payable over 10 years, three seasons at \$180,000 per and \$200,000 for the option season. Heisman winner Charles White of USC got a six-year, \$1,160,000 contract from the Cleveland Browns, not bad for the 27th pick in the draft.

The NFL's management star was New Orleans Assistant General Manager Harold Guiver, who had all 10 of his draft choices in the fold by May 23 and held the line at \$520,000 for four years in signing his No. 1, Tackle Stan Brock from Colorado.

It will be interesting to see what happens when the IRS takes a long look at low-interest loans designed to beat the taxes. The IRS can be sticky on "loans in consideration of an employment contract." There could be a *Dies Irae* coming, a day of wrath for those who set up artificial devices to deprive Uncle of his just rewards. That will be something for the players to concern themselves about someday. Right now, management has its own worries.

END

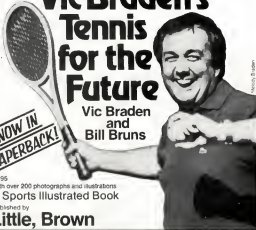
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Like the steel blades of his hometown, Sheffield, record miler Sebastian Coe is a remarkable amalgam of grace and grit

by Kenny Moore

A Hard



and Supple Man



CONTINUED

Sebastian Coe

continued



Coe's coach, his father, Peter (right), stressed "speed endurance" in his training. The result is a stride of exceptional strength.

Late last summer, after becoming the first man ever to hold the world records for 800 meters (1:42.4), 1,500 meters (3:32.1) and the mile (3:49.6) simultaneously, Sebastian Coe slipped into Eugene, Ore. He came from the morning plane alone, in jeans and a gray, untitled sweat shirt. He had spent more than a day in San Francisco trying to get a flight on standby after Pan Am had scheduled him to connect to an airline that was on strike. Coe's consolation had been a suite in a luxury hotel and an evening on the city escorted by Pan Am stewardesses. "You have to take the rough with the rough," he said. He had come to Eugene not to race but to escape, to enjoy a holiday from the sometimes oppressive British newspapers, and to heal a sore calf.

"That arose during a brush with the law," he said while awaiting his luggage. "I was running on the road in a London park. A friend was tuning me, keeping pace in her car. The police objected to that, and we had an altercation, during which time I cooled off. When I resumed, I strained the calf, so I quit racing for the season."

That was in late August. Coe had then watched, with mixed feelings, Britain's other great middle-distance man, Steve Ovett, run a 3:49.6 mile in London on Aug. 31 in pursuit of his world record. It was with some relief that Coe came away to see the States for the first time.

The road from the Eugene airport passes several lumber and plywood mills,



visible within a blue haze of their own making. "That was where Oregon runners worked when I was in school in the '60s," said Coe's host. "When Bill Bowerman was coach, he gave no full scholarships. You had to come out here on weekends, graveyard shift, midnight to eight, and patch panels onto plywood on a conveyor or, if the mill was down, blow sawdust out of the block-long dryers, or clean the glue spreaders with a wire brush and ammonia. Horrible jobs, but we all did them."

"Didn't that cut into your training?" asked Coe.

"I guess it did a little. It must have, but in a way it was worth it, teaching me at an impressionable age about mindless labor. So I might shun it forever."

"Was that Bowerman's object?"

"Looking back, I'm sure it was part of it. At the time, I just thought of him as a modern tyrant, bent on no one getting through life easily if he could help it. You'll meet him. He'll want to know what you've been doing in your training."

A gentle run showed Coe the town, the University of Oregon and Pre's Trail, five miles of soft, cedar-bark-and-wood-waste path on the other side of the Willamette River from the campus named for the late Steve Prefontaine. Six-minute-mile pace gave no hint of his injury; indeed, he occasionally surged away from his guide. "I'm really resting now," he said when caught. "For three weeks after the racing season I may not run at all. I find that I'm not addicted to it."

Coe had taken his degree in economics and economic history from Loughborough University in the spring and would return for graduate study after his vacation. In his days in Eugene he charmed a succession of hosts with shy politeness and a broad range of interests. His intentions were simply to sample the new or attractive things of American life. These included hot-tubbing. *The New Yorker*, as many movies as he could get to (an adept mimic himself, he has seen *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* five times and possesses a copy of the script), root beer, which he described as tasting "rather like

continued

Coe felt conned when he ended up running through mud and mills in the Cinque Muli



Sebastian Coe

continued

a visit to the dentist," and, without question, jazz. At a Chuck Mangione concert Coe spoke of helping introduce Dave Brubeck's music to Yorkshire by insisting on it in a film of himself running, and was eager to get to New York later in his trip to hear Russell Procope, a former Duke Ellington sideman. "My chief regret in life," he said, "is never learning to play an instrument."

Such was the breadth of Coe's interests that, save for a talk at a running clinic, he seldom had need to speak of his sport. The exception was during his visit to Bowerman's aerie on a bluff above the McKenzie River. After lemonade and several of Barbara Bowerman's oatmeal cookies, the party walked through woods to a hillside pasture in which grazed a few small, chunky cattle.

"We're trying to build a herd of Dexter cows," said Bowerman. "It is an Irish breed. They're supposed to be small so they don't eat much, but they still give you a gallon of milk."



Springing drills and spiritedly banter with his mum, Angela, are all in Coe's routine.



Bowerman had sent his minions far and wide in search of this strain of stock. "In Ireland one of my runners was out in the Limerick countryside and saw a field of likely prospects," Bowerman said. "'Are those Dexter cows?' he asked of a stolid Irishman. 'No, I believe those belong to Mr. O'Rourke,' was the answer."

"Just like the Irish," said Coe, laughing, but stopping suddenly, his hand on his hip. "Since last winter," he said, "I've had occasional pain that goes from my back down my left leg."

"It's certainly not a hamstring pull," said Bowerman, "or you wouldn't have been able to do what you've done." He pressed Coe against a fir, teaching him an abdominal exercise to align the back and pelvis in a way least offensive to the posterior nerves. Coe walked away from the tree as Paul must have done on the road to Damascus, with an elevated gaze. "Pretty good," said Bowerman. "Not swayed back at all."

Soon his host had Coe describing his training in detail. "My father is my coach," he said, "and the basic foundations have been consistent, although the headings have meandered a bit as we've experimented. Essentially, it has been 100% quality, not quantity. It is speed endurance, that is, seeing how long you can endure speed. In the winters I very seldom have run more than 50 miles per week, less in the spring."

"No more than that?" said Bowerman. By contrast, John Walker of New Zealand, Coe's precursor as mile record holder, did 100 to 120 miles. Until Coe, recent middle-distance philosophy has held that speed work alone is destructive of a runner. The athlete's traditional response to interval or speed training is rapid improvement to a point, followed by equally rapid decline. New Zealand Coach Arthur Lydiard's advance in the 1960s was in effect to train his runners for their training, to build up in them such stamina from lengthy mileage that they could withstand and, in fact, benefit from fast track running.

When asked how he managed to stay fresh and strong on so little distance work, Coe said, "My father says that you might not know the accepted lore of athletics, but if you know people and can sense the individual's needs, it can make all the difference." "Hear, hear," said Bowerman. "Yet I wouldn't know why

continued

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some people can get away with less distance than others. I really haven't a clue."

In Coe's case, part of the reason has to do with the 10 and 11 hours every winter week that he spends in the Loughborough gym under the eye of George Gandy, a lecturer in biomechanics and the coordinator of his training program. "It has been described as Coe's commando workout," the runner said. "In the fall, it's the use of everything you can think of in the gymnasium, lifting heavy weights twice a week, working every part of the body. After Christmas, we concentrate on every muscle from knees to sternum, using box-jumping, speed drills, repeatedly mounting a beam, high knee lifts, bounding on grass or a soft-sprung floor. All this was associated two and a half years ago with rapid improvement in my leg speed. It's simple athleticism, really, the coordinated transference of weight and force through the body. Watching different sorts of athletes box-jumping is amusing. Hopping up and down over five or six boxes of different heights, say two to four feet, the vaulters and jumpers are coordinated, the sprinters less so, and the distance runners are just terrible."

It must be that the strength and flexibility Coe brings to the track from such work supports him as well as would the result of interminable slow running. "It was a happy accident that from the first, when I was 13, my father felt you ought not to smash a kid on the road, so he kept the distance low. As a junior in 1975, I averaged 28 miles per week and ran successfully—third in the European junior 1,500—against those juniors who were running 80 or 90 miles."

Bowerman listened to all this with an expression of almost beatific gratification, for he confirmed cherished beliefs about the uniqueness of each runner, the need for self-knowledge. "So you've developed a methodology that isn't at all dependent on what others do," he said. "That takes a certain sort of man."

"Well," said Coe, slightly embarrassed, "sometimes the difficult thing is to hold back when things are going well, to remember that what you're doing is, after all, preparation. That's hard when you're in a competitive group."

"How do you avoid racing when you are in training?" asked Bowerman.

"I have always trained alone."

"Tell me about your father," said Bowerman. "He's an engineer?"

"Yes. He's the production director of a cutlery firm."

"Does he talk to you about body mechanics, balances?"

"When I was a child, he always spoke of lines and angles and carrying oneself efficiently. You see, the day I started running was the day he started coaching. After that it was bringing his science to bear, studying everything he could find. He's got rid, he says, of 95% of what he's learned. The 5% he's kept is very specific. He has no other runners. People ask if he will coach them, and he says, 'I don't know enough about you. I'd have to move in with you.'" Sebastian smiled. "You don't know my father, but that usually ends it."

"I would very much like to know your father," said Bowerman gravely, sensing that rarest thing for him, a kindred spirit. "I want to tell him that he is always welcome here. Always."

Before he left Oregon, Coe was taken 50 miles up the McKenzie River east of Eugene for a run on a trail beside the clear and ringing stream. After no more than three miles, distracted by the scenery, he turned an ankle on a rock, or the root of a vine maple. By the time he had limped back to the car, parked near the river's bank, the foot was swollen and hot. While friends broke out wine, cheese and fruit, Coe sat on a stone with his foot in the freezing river. Both hosts and guest were vaguely uneasy, but Coe, neither glum nor forcing good spirits, kept the event in perspective, and so soothed the others.

The best of athletes display a gift for control; their success depends upon bending—but not breaking—the body to their will. But in Coe one could sense the uncommon man whose self-possession is so extensive that it lets him comprehend our lives sometimes more easily than we do ourselves.

Perched as naturally upon his mossy rock as an otter, Coe gave rise as well to musings about the seeming perfection of a partnership between father/coach and runner/son that had so moved Bowerman. How was it sustained? What was the

complementary mix of qualities that resulted in a unit of such toughness and grace?

"Does it not seem," Coe was asked, "that if what your father says about coaching is true, that it applies more widely? In trying to fathom another for any reason, for sport or love or accurate writing, must you have to move in with him?"

"I don't know," said Coe. "But if you'd like to try, you're welcome to come to Sheffield for Christmas."

THE COES OF SHEFFIELD

The Coe house on Marlborough Road, near the University of Sheffield, is a hundred-year-old Victorian brick structure of two and a half stories and a cavernous, dismal cellar. Not long before Christmas, a feathery snow was settling upon the strolling carolers as Peter Coe drew his guest from the night, put him beside the gas fire in his warm, cluttered parlor and gave him a whisky. The elder Coe is a lean, weathered man, comfortable in rumpled, tan corduroy suits. "The clan gathers," he said. "This will be the first time Miranda has been home in two years."

Photographs of this eldest daughter, 21, a dancer and model in Las Vegas and New York, were in evidence near a tiny, burdened Christmas tree. Here she danced. Here she simply glowed.

"I cannot express the evil delight it gives me," said Peter Coe, "when I meet my child at a plane or train and glance around at all the jealous, offended men who can hardly credit this vision coming with warm, wet kisses to such a burnt-out cuse as I."

There were traces of the successful runner about the room, great silver cups and framed racing pictures and a commemorative Wilkinson sword over the mantel, but the photos of Sebastian on display were less than dignified, showing him mugging, wincing goofily. However, in the front hall was an oil portrait of him as a child, a large head atop a thin and passive body. The wide brown eyes are arresting, their clear, encompassing gaze not benevolent, not precious, but simply open, as if he were saying, what I see is what I get, and I'm not too sure I'm going to be happy about it.

Peter Coe caught the visitor staring at

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Sebastian Coe

continued

this picture. "Seb at eight," he said. "Who painted him?" the visitor asked. "I did."

There was a clumping upon the stairway. "Taking credit again, I hear," said Sebastian, descending. Behind him was his sister Emma, 15, tall and lovely with blazing teeth and short dark hair. Wrapped all in black, she was going to see *Dracula*.

"I'm off, too," said Sebastian.

"Where?" asked Emma.

"Where is he always off to?" said Angela Coe, their mother, who had come in from the kitchen.

Emma's brow knotted theatrically. "Now I like that, I do," said Sebastian happily. "No incessant drudge am I."

Emma, in a surburst of comprehension, said, "Oh, training."

"An easy four, Dad," said Sebastian, and was gone.

In Sebastian's absence, Peter Coe discussed their plans for the new year and the then-undimmed Olympics. "We've had weeks the car couldn't come out of the garage for the snow," he said, "so after the holidays Seb will get out of the English winter to somewhere in southern Europe. Not tropical, mind you, but free of ice and sleet. Just to have continuity."

Peter Coe embodies the assertiveness of the scientific method. "I'm a superior manager," he said. "I know a good physiotherapist and a good doctor, and I listen to what they say, but they can't know everything, so in the end the coaching is an art, supported by this science. I make the fewest mistakes by being totally empirical. We'll do no training at altitude because we have no experience with it, and there's not enough time to get it. Once you introduce another variable like that, you've ruined your experiment."

The direction of the Coe experiment thus far has been to train Sebastian as a sprinter and, that done, turn his speed loose over longer and longer distances. "What we do are ranging shots, as I call them, running under and over distance races to bracket the target," said Peter. "In 1978, when Seb was aiming for the 800, we raced at 400 for speed and 1,500 for endurance. Last year the bracket was 400 and 3,000 meters, and he got the re-

ords for three of the distances in between. This year the overdistance will be up to 5,000 meters. He'll run a level-pace 5,000 in May in the Yorkshire championships."

Coe won that race in 1:40.6, slowed by strong, gusty winds and the lack of competition. Ten days later, at a meet at London's Crystal Palace, Overt ran a final 55.5 in an otherwise lackluster 4:00.6 mile, and Coe, who had won the 800 earlier in an impressive 1:47.5, answered that with a full-out final lap of 46.4 on his leg of a 4 x 400 relay race.

Peter Coe spoke with respect of the other member of his son's training team, Loughborough's Gandy. "George got together with us when Seb was 19, and not only has he managed the weights and circuit training, but he's saved Sebastian on occasion. In 1978, not long before the European Championships in Prague, Seb stepped into a hole and turned the same ankle he hurt on your river. The hospital put it in a cast. George got him out and to a football physiotherapist, who knew it was wrecked but not broken. With a controlled wrap and constant therapy, he was jogging in 10 days and got down to 1:44.3 two weeks before Prague, but ah, that was a disastrous year, that."

The Prague 800 has been dissected as much as any race of that distance ever run. It was the first and, to date, the only time Coe and Overt have raced one another. Beforehand, Coe was not feeling well. Originally the plan had been to set a fast pace to test both Overt and the field and to condition Sebastian, then 21, to giving everything he had over the full distance. "Well, Dad, do we stick to what we intended?" asked Sebastian wanly before going to the start.

"We've come here to find something out," said Peter dryly. "I want to see what those bastards are made of, and remember this is only a stepping-stone on the way to what we're after."

So Coe opened up from the gun. Down the first backstretch East Germany's Olaf Beyer fought with him for the lead. "It was the first time in my life that someone had done that," said Sebastian later. "I couldn't believe the pace was fast if this guy was there. So I went faster."

The time at 400 meters was 49.3, an unsupportable pace. Coe held on until the last straightaway, when Overt went by. Then Beyer passed them both to

win in 1:43.8, the year's fastest time.

"I'll tell you where that pays off," said Peter Coe, sitting by the fire a year and a half later. "On a windy night in Zurich and you're tired and have 700 meters left to run and no one to help. Those were the conditions Sebastian faced last August, and the result was the world record in the 1,500 meters."

Prague was memorable also for a vignette that confirmed Sebastian in the knowledge of the gulf between casual officials and committed athletes. Arthur Gold of the British Amateur Athletic Board, who is also President of the European Athletic Association, was the presenter of the medals for the 800 meters. As he draped the bronze about Coe's neck, he said, "Well, Steve, you threw everything at them."

That medal now lies in the bottom drawer of a chest in Peter and Angela Coe's bedroom. A career's awards are all tossed together there, a nest of tangled ribbons and tarnish. "Our shrine," said Peter, cackling, slamming the drawer shut.

The Saturday before Christmas, Emma and Miranda, tiredly radiant, were in from shopping. Youngest son Nicholas, 17, was enjoying a rare moment at home between his two jobs, one with a firm that exports furnace linings, the other in a wine bar. Peter's mother, Violet 82, had come up from London. She gives as good as she gets.

"You can sign on with the Salvation Army soon, Mum," said Peter Coe, "and drink the benefits of giving up strong drink."

"Yes, but I haven't given it up. If you jabbed my arm, it would be Guinness gushing out."

"Ah well, you've lived too long as it is," continued Peter. "This will surely be your last Christmas."

"And a blessed relief it will be," she said, sipping her tea smugly, "to be away from this wretchedness."

Peter, seeking to prod his guest toward some sort of journalistic duty, played tapes of radio and television announcers describing Sebastian's record races. During a recounting of the July 17, 1979 Golden Mile in Oslo, Sebastian came into the parlor with hands pressed over his ears. "I swore I'd not listen to that again," he said. "Not until Moscow."

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Sebastian Coe

continued

"You're winning again, dear, if that's what you're worried about," Angela Coe said melodically. A handsome woman, a secretary and unofficial counselor for an organization of university students, she had been trained on the stage. Now, in this most expressive of families, she seemed the most subtle. Her diction reminded one of George Sanders on his best behavior. "But she can make the plants wither or bloom with her voice," Emma says proudly, "and once you've learned to take her scolding, there's not a teacher you can't make cry." Angela Coe's first role in Shakespeare was the half-corpse Sebastian in *The Tempest*, and of course the vision of innocence and purity in that play was Prospero's daughter, Miranda.

Over a lunch of lamb, cabbage and potatoes, the assorted Coes strove to be heard above the sounds of the movie *White Christmas* on the TV, though Miranda leaned near the screen, absorbed, during the production numbers.

"Bug, would have made a first-rate jazz singer if he hadn't gone wrong," said Peter, whose feeling for jazz is shared in the family only by Sebastian.

After exchanged whispers, Emma cried out, "But, Mum, you said..."

"I know, dear, but I didn't mean a word of it."

It developed that Emma was seeking permission to cudge a 13-and-under, half-fare ticket to London to see a friend.

"They'll have several grizzled, grimy porters to take you into the baggage car," said Peter, leering. "And they'll test your age by..."

Emma's face became a study in rapture. "Oh," she laughed, "like last time."

Peter, defeated, sank back. "I am the captain on the poop, alone, being overwhelmed by mutineers."

"Peter was always such an inoffensive child," said his mother with wonder in her voice.

"Who told you to wake up, you old buddy?"

"Why, my child, I did it out of spite."

After a while Sebastian led the visitor out for a short run, and the talk turned to Overt. The enigmatic rival from Brighton. Overt had not run the Golden Mile in which Coe set his record, but later in the season, besides his 3:49.6 mile, Overt ran the 1,500 in 3:32.2—in fact, the photo

timer at the race in Brussels showed it to be 3:32.11, a bare one-hundredth away from tying Coe's record. "The amusing thing," said Sebastian, "is that Steve has always said, 'World records don't mean much. Racing is about people and not clocks,' and that's laudable. But even though the races in London and Brussels were so clearly organized for the setting of records, and he missed by so little, he still said only that he was perfectly happy with the times. He would not say he was going for the record."

Thus there seems an urge for consistency in both these men. Coe, so specifically trained for the purpose of giving everything: Overt, firm in his intent of being the complete racer. It seems a match that will bring out the best in both of them. Aside from Prague, it has not happened as yet, but should both be fit and compliant, the match could occur as early as July 1 in Oslo, but, in all likelihood, the rivals will wait until the Moscow Games.

Yet Coe and Overt don't need each other. They are not defined against each other except in the English popular mind, which measures the gracious Coe against the private, brusque Overt. Both take strength from close-knit families. Both are determinedly pressing back the limits of the mile. Each would continue in the other's absence. But it is their fate to carry on the recurring pattern of great makers appearing in pairs. They are the Roger Bannister/John Landy, Jim Ryun/Kip Keino, John Walker/Filbert Bayl combination for the early '80s, although it seems that Steve Scott of the U.S. is almost ready to make it hot for both of them.

Sheffield, the visitor found, was unexpectedly clean and bright and new. On the Coe side of town the air was only faintly redolent of coal smoke and steel manufacturing. The city, which has a population of 547,900, is built upon hills and ridges. Many of the streams and valleys below have been kept in a natural state, so a short drive soon brought one into good running country.

The Sunday before Christmas, Peter Coe drove Sebastian and the visitor down the Rivelin Valley Road to the fire station at Malin Bridge, where Coe's club, the

Hallamshire Harriers, was staging a seven-mile race. After a good deal of backslapping from runners happy to see Coe back from Loughborough, they were off. It was cold, perhaps 36°, and uphill into a headwind until the turnaround at halfway. Coe started slowly, then moved to the front after a half mile. His style resembles that of Frank Shorter, his elbows curved away from the body, his stride neat and light and quick. Snow dusted the stone walls, but the grass was still green, the creek loud. To the west rose the stark slopes and moors of the Pennines, the rugged Peak District which separates Sheffield from Manchester.

Coe won by 600 yards in 34 minutes. "Not moving badly for this stage in the season," said Peter. The visitor finished third, and found his hands and forearms turned to stone from the cold. He struggled comically to put on his sweats. "A hard country, isn't it?" said Peter Coe with relish.

In the morning, the day before Christmas, Sebastian awoke with a sore throat. "He gets his length of limb and his athletic strength and coordination from me," said Peter after sending him back to bed. "His susceptibility to respiratory infection comes from his mother."

Peter and Angela decided to take their guest to see the historic City of York.

"Mum, now drink anything you like from the bar while we're gone," said Peter.

"All right. I'll make off with the lot."

On the road Peter mentioned that his cargo ship had been sunk in the North Atlantic during the war. "Four of our six boats were blown apart. I was picked up by a German battleship." Later he was a prisoner of war, it taking three escapes to get home. "And for what?" he said. "My family is crumbling around me. Angela is reading *Utopia*, and Emma has introduced a viper into our midst known as Fleetwood Mac."

The visitor marveled again at Sebastian's naturalness in all sorts of situations, especially his nervelessness in racing. "Roger Bannister was struck by that, too," said Angela. Indeed, 1956 Olympic steeplechase champion Chris Brasher has written of Coe: "Never have I been so refreshed by the sanity of a man. ... I love him for what he has done to destroy the myth and legends of modern sport."

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Sebastian Coe

continued

"But he hasn't always been thus," said Peter Coe. "As a child he had all the hallmarks of the nervous type: thin, with eczema, and he wrote drivels for exams at 11 or 12. He was a bundle of nerves in his early races. But having gotten him to recognize the problem, he took over. At 16, after he had won the national youths 1,500, he almost gave up running to work for exams."

"But we pointed out that running was good for academics," said Angela, "so he wrote out imitations for his holidays—so many hours on geography and so on—and he kept to them. It's that tremendous discipline of his that we respect."

York Minster cathedral was begun in 1220 A.D. Inside, Angela Coe led the visitors to the Five Sisters, tall, densely worked, sea-green stained-glass windows. The vaulted arches above were white, with bright gold carvings. "It's a very warm cathedral," said Angela. Then, more crisply, "I can almost be religious here." Peter, for his part, pointed out that the heads of many statues had been missing since the time of Oliver Cromwell, whose conviction it was that effigies were idolatrous.

As he strolled about the cathedral, Peter's thoughts turned again to his son. "Sebastian is success-oriented and not just a sport," he said. "The better he ran, the better he wanted to do academically. He's not an intellectual (for Peter it seemed there have been no reputable intellectuals since Wittgenstein) but then, who wants an ineffectual splitter of hairs, unable to act with decision? At times Seb's had an antagonistic faculty at Loughborough. His department chairman actually said something like, 'A gold medal would be a small help, I suppose. It's been difficult for Britain since the failure of the linen industry in Northern Ireland.' His exams last year were the final pressure. The world record in the 800 was the tremendous relief of having it done."

Outside, the Coes walked the ancient wall around the old city in golden, year-end light, stopping to watch a man carrying a Christmas tree and a bottle of whisky along the cathedral path under a softly diffuse Turner sky.

When they reached home, they inquired how Grandmum had fared all alone on Christmas Eve. "It was lovely," she said. "I put off the telly and sat in the

blissful peace and watched the sparrows attack the frail, wild birds."

Christmas morning presented a cold, rimed kind. The Coes visited neighbors and friends, Sebastian saying at each stop, "Mum put the turkey in at 10 last night. It ought to have at least died by now." At the home of brothers Ian and Dr. Bob Hague, longtime friends of Seb's, Peter delivered his theory of successful womanizing. "You don't have to do anything but enjoy them," he said, bending near Bob's beautiful friend Duine. "They're sensitive to that."

Then home to dinner at a table graced by a worked-iron candelabrum Sebastian made when he was 12. The children heaped lyric abuse upon Angela's frail, limp decorations, to which she replied, "It's yeti droppings for you this year."

Emma and Sebastian told a lengthy story about how Peter had once carefully listed his virtues as a father, how he'd promised to see to all their needs, concluding with, "Of course, if it's fun you want, I can't help you."

Later, over Christmas cake in the parlor, Sebastian was asked about his feeling for the Olympics. "I think because of the two-weeks-every-four-years nature of the thing, with TV fighting for audience figures and the press needing to sell papers. It creates an unnatural clamor. That puts undue pressure on athletes to be perfect on a given day, when simple odds dictate that only a few will be at their best. Today I have a cold, for example. So there is pressure and danger and oversimplification, and that's not what sport is or should be about."

Yet the Olympics are the best means we have of bringing together the Coes, the Ovetts, the Scotts.

"Yes, and I've got a lot of friends in the press who have a valuable job to do. The people I draw a line at are the feature writers, the 'new-angle' people with little concern for the sport."

At the press conference Coe gave after returning from his world-record 800-meters, Monty Fresno of the London Daily Mirror said, "One more photo, Seb. Let's have this lady standing here with you," and there was a girl in a bikini.

"No way," said Coe.

"What's the matter with you, girl trouble or something?"

"Turn it in," said Coe, in Cockney.

Thus he struggles to be accurately perceived. No amount of self-possession can make up for the mistakes and gauderies of others.

"How have you become so free of anxiety before competition?" Sebastian was asked.

"In having to be awakened before the Oslo race, I guess I gave the appearance of calm, but I get nervous. The question is, how does one keep it from eating you away. I don't know. I can't say I consciously mastered it. It's just something that evolved, being less and less nervous." Sebastian glanced at his family. "Feeling I'd be well and truly supported in my efforts had to be a part of it."

Peter Coe looked around the room, his eyes at last coming to rest on his mother. "Clean these dishes, will you, Mum, and then get back to the cellar."

That evening Peter Coe and the visitor walked the frosty streets. "Perhaps I had best explain," said Peter, "that my father was not a happy man, but sour. One might even say bitter. In reaction, my mother and I developed a certain humor, involving a good deal of fantasy, which I'm afraid my father never understood."

So it took the influences of at least three generations to bring this family to the bloom it now enjoys. Peter, the scientific manager, was made by his background inordinately sensitive to the stages of his own children's needs. Capable of discipline and pride of authority, but also capable of setting them free when the basic lessons had been learned, he had sent Miranda to dance in Las Vegas at 19, Nick to his labors at 17, and Sebastian to run, binding them only with the strands of his advice. His grumbling about constant decay now seemed a misanthropy born of the highest hopes. Infusing him is a wish that people be better than they are. That wish lives uneasily with the cold, empirical observation that they will stay exactly the same.

Two days later Sebastian and guest did a 14.4-mile training run up the Derwent Valley, west of Sheffield in the Peak National Park. As is his custom, Peter Coe drove behind to warn the odd motorist of the runners, to watch and think. It was a hard effort, a 5:30 pace in wet track suits

continued

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See next page for front-wheel-drive buyer's guide details.

Sebastian Coe

continued

and slickers. The wind and rain howled out of the Pennines, stopping the men cold in places, blowing white water back up from the spillways into the lakes. "Silly to complain of conditions on a track, isn't it?" said Sebastian.

During the last six miles the guest fell behind. Soon the car came even with him. Peter rolled down the window. "I don't know what you're listening to out there," he said, warmer and dryer than any soul had a right to be. "but I've got Schubert in here."

This singular training, with the man out front running hard and the man in back musing, listening to music, has the effect of making every session a clearly evaluated piece of work, with a point to it. Hard, concentrated running is what Herb Elliott of Australia did, and Filbert Bayi in Tanzania, but they did it alone. They didn't have the presence of the protective, perfectly tough mind in the following car.

"I'm harder this year than last," said Sebastian afterward, wearily.

Peter put a fatherly hand on his knee. "Clear to see," he said.

"The last two miles seemed endless." Sebastian sat pale and drained during the ride home. Even Ravel didn't revive him.

That evening he and Emma went to see *Manhattan*, where Sebastian was stricken with Mariel Hemingway and impressed with Emma's laughter at the most risqué dialogue. Driving home, he turned on the radio, identifying a Brahms piece after three measures. On another station the BBC was airing a program on great moments of British sport. Announcers shrieked over Red Rum taking the Grand National again and again, James Hunt winning the world driving championship, and then Sebastian, sprinting toward the line in Oslo. Taken off guard, he reached out and shut it off, and then, at Emma's wailed appeal, put it back on.

"... so flowing," sang the announcer, "so balanced, so graceful..."

"As he smashes into the gate," said Sebastian, parking.

THE OLYMPIC DILEMMA

As planned, Coe began 1980 by spending nearly four months in Italy. His training went well. "He'll be stronger and faster at all distances," said Peter after one of his frequent visits. But during those months

President Carter began the movement to boycott the Moscow Olympics and was supported strongly by Britain's Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher.

Curious about Coe's thoughts, the visitor arranged to meet him in mid-March in San Vittore Olona, Italy, at a strange cross-country race called, innocuously enough, the Cinque Mulini (five mills). The route required the runners to scramble across plowed fields, through barnyards, flour mills, up and down steps, past barking dogs, through dark rooms.

"It's not dangerous, it's fun," said Norway's Grete Waitz, who would win the women's race easily. Coe's impression differed slightly.

"There's been a horrible mistake," he said. "I was told it was flat, fast and grass." He planned to run with one thing in mind, his safety.

Four hours before the race, over an omelet and a bowl of minestrone, Sebastian and his father poked through the disorder threatening the Games. "The Olympics are a dinosaur, running out of cities," said Sebastian. "And they will be seriously devalued if American athletes don't compete. But the damage done by the boycott may be greater than anyone suspects. It may put all international sport at risk. I say that out of concern that international sports authorities may come apart on this issue, and out of a wish for consistency. It has been expedient for our governments to use athletes..."

"... the most vulnerable and non-articulate segment of the community," said Peter.

"... in this case. But in 1978 in South America, World Cup soccer matches were played in stadiums that a certain government had recently been using as internment camps for political prisoners. I'm not saying that's right. I'm not defending Argentina or Russia. I'm simply asking for consistency. If we have that, it follows that if you use the politics of a nation to judge whether or not you compete with that nation, you might as well say international sport is finished. It's like assassination, isn't it? The initial appeal—some prickly thorn out of the way. But then it gets out of control... and no one is safe."

Coe carefully outlined the difficult situation British athletes found (and continue to find) themselves in. Their govern-

ment has asked them to boycott, but their Olympic Association has voted to go.

"Unless somebody orders me not to go, I am going to the Games," he said. "But since it is a personal decision, what must not happen is eternal postmortems. All the individual reasons must be respected. You can't have people asked, 'Well, I stayed home, why did you go?'"

"In no way," put in Peter, "does going to Russia indicate support for Brezhnev or that country's behavior. To be called unpatriotic in no way makes it so, just saying it. If you do, you don't understand athletes."

"There the question seems to turn," said Sebastian. "It is a clash of two worlds. Governments, politicians are ruled by expediency. Athletes live in a world of natural law."

"When Olaf Beyer crossed that finish line in Prague," said Peter, "his lungs torn asunder, he was not thinking of the greater glory of the East German government. And if he's asked about Coe, he's going to say, 'An extremely courageous man who did a thing that created one of the great races ever.' He's not going to say, 'A lackey of the collapsing capitalist system...'"

"... who, like it, has the innate capability for self-destruction," said Sebastian, grinning.

The men's field began the Cinque Mulini 9.5 kilometers on a sports ground beneath Lombardy poplars, running through brassy music, cheers and mud. Coe ran carefully in the pack, his power useless in the squishy ground. (Later he said, "Halfway through I wanted to stop and go to the director and say, 'You must be bloody wet! joking.'") Leon Schots of Belgium won. With a couple of hundred yards to go, Coe was 23rd, but kicked spectacularly, throwing up a rooster tail of mud like a motorcycle, and finished 21st.

He patiently signed autographs for a while, but the afternoon was chilly. Just as he felt it was time to begin jogging back to the hotel, a tardy Italian reporter arrived with a wish to talk.

"Well," said Peter, "he's off round the..."

"... bend," said Sebastian, and he was gone. **END**

ON THE SCENE

by BOB OTTUM

A LUSH GRAND PRIX AMBIENCE DAZZLED THE FREELoadERS AT THE BRICKYARD

It has been just about a year since the following historic scene took place at Monte Carlo. The dialogue will be paraphrased a bit, since even the principals recall the talk as being a bit fanciful. David Thieme, the shadowy financial genius who is head of Essex Overseas Petroleum Corp., looked levelly at his friend, the great chef Roger Vergé, and murmured, "Tell me, what kind of wine would you say goes with the Indy 500?"

Vergé thought about it seriously, looking at the ceiling and rolling the idea around on his tongue, and then snapped his fingers. "But, of course, I'd say something from Provence," he said. "Um, possibly one of my own Moulin de Mougins, say, the blanc de blancs. It's unassuming in its way, yet robust enough to withstand the roar of the race cars. As for the red, well [perhaps the hint of a Gallie shrug here, the palms up], possibly a Château Lafite-Rothschild."

Thieme nodded, looking serious as always behind his tinted glasses, and said, "Fine, then. Pack up 15 cases. Plus your patés, of course—particularly the quail. And arrange for the caviar. We're going to Indianapolis."

And so a stunning social rite was introduced this May at the old Brickyard. With luck, it might become a glamorous tradition, more heady in its way than the annual 500 Festival Queen's Ball—which, Lord knows, is pretty staggering all by itself. For it turned out that David Thieme had, indeed, been serious about going to Indy with all of his exotic goodies, and the next thing anybody knew, there were all these folks standing around his hospitality suite at the track. They were drinking the wines—not from paper cups, but real crystal—nibbling at the veal terrine with its piquant sauce verte, and eyeing the chocolate mousse. It also turned out, of course, that Vergé's selections were exactly the right wines to go with the 500, but that is getting ahead of the story. To fully understand the shattering significance of what Thieme has

wrought, one has to go back a bit in time.

For almost as long as there has been an Indy 500, there have been hospitality suites at the track, corporate hideaways where various automotive sponsors entertain clients, friends and, of course, the motor sports press. The cement wall that makes up the backside of the old Tower Terrace grandstand is honeycombed with such suites. In spite of the fact that they are literally holes in the wall, some of the suites are quite lavish, complete with carpeting and paneling, while others offer little more than a linoleum floor, a desk or two and an old Kelvinator refrigerator full of beer.

Since most sponsors tend to be a bit lax about admission, all through May the suites become a freeloaders' row, and living the good life at Indy becomes a race within the race. It is possible for an enterprising reporter to stroll from spot to spot, polishing off a free beer and handful of Frutos here, a homemade sandwich there, or—if his timing is just right—some cold fried chicken for lunch, followed by more beer and potato chips down the line. Dozens of sportswriters return to their hometown newspapers with nearly all of their meal-expense money still squirreled away (you know who you are out there, you rascals).

And all of that explains why David Thieme and his associates, with their smooth wines and velvety sauces, came as such a shock to Indy. They were so different, so elegant. They were so, well, so continental, and in Indy, you can spot continental every time. Still, "We are not trying to falsely impress anybody or to put this place down," said Thieme. Nor was it a case of wretched excess, he said. "We just want to bring a touch of Monte Carlo ambience to Indianapolis."

That made perfect sense, since he lives like this all the time. A native of Minnesota, the 38-year-old Thieme now resides in Monaco, where his home and office at the Hotel de Paris overlook the sparkling harbor. His Essex Corporation wheels and deals in oil, maintaining a studied air of cool mystery about it all. Among the recreational things he does with his millions is sponsor a Formula 1 racing team, with the redoubtable Colin Chapman as chief designer and ex-world champion Mario Andretti as top driver. This year, in a U.S. tie-in with Roger Penske, Thieme is sponsoring the Indy-car efforts of Andretti in selected races that won't con-

flict with the Grand Prix schedule. The fact that Essex has nothing to sell, unlike most sponsors, makes this one of the great class acts of the year.

On the freeloading circuit, there will never again be anything as classy. And certainly nothing so incongruous. Where other hospitality suites offered salted peanuts, beer and salami sandwiches on Wonder bread, Thieme was serving up Iranian caviar, cold salmon with sauce Maurice, roast fillet of beef feuilletage with sauce choron, Paris-Brest for dessert—and to wash it all down—a 1976 Le Montrachet and Château Lafite-Rothschild. And, yes, it is absolutely true that one freeloader smacked her lips, holding out her glass for a refill, and said, "Lâsen, is this here French wine imported?"

Was it ever imported. This here French wine, the Montrachet, for example, costs \$96 a bottle. The Lafite-Rothschild costs \$150 per bottle—and the Indy crowd was swilling it like it was Thunderbird or Annie Greensprings, while David Thieme looked on benignly. He entertains this lavishly on the Grand Prix circuit all the time, at every stop.

Thieme brought along Vergé, whose restaurant, the Moulin de Mougins, near Cannes, was awarded its third star in 1975. Vergé flew in for one day to supervise a pre-race banquet at Indianapolis' brand-new Mon Réve restaurant, which promises to be a mind-blower in months to come. On other days, food was rushed from Mon Réve to Thieme's suite at the track. Simply because it was convenient, the crystal, china, linens and fine silver service were rented for the occasion.

And when it was all over, when the last morsel of duck galantine was gone and the last glass of Château Haut-Brion 1970 had been poured, everyone agreed that this had been an extra-special, a vintage year at Indy. (In terms of hospitality, that is. Sadly, in terms of racing, Mario's car dropped out after 71 laps.) Thieme allowed that he just might decide to do it all over again next year.

One certainly hopes that he does. He had indeed accomplished his goal: to bring a bit of Grand Prix ambience to the Brickyard. Which, by the way, is not to scorn anybody at Indy. The Formula 1 crowd might dress fancier—nubby linen sport coats instead of nylon Pennzoil jackets—but when you get right down to it, gang, they're still just plain freeloaders like anybody else. You know who you are out there, you rascals. 

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Yesterday

by JIM MILLER

IT HAPPENED ONLY ONCE IN BASEBALL HISTORY—AND OH WHAT A GAME IT WAS

Since organized baseball began, 104 years ago, there have been 191 no-hitters, some by pitchers as famous as Walter Johnson, Johnny Vander Meer and Sandy Koufax, and some by men as obscure as Weldon Henley, Ernie Koob and Don Nottebart. But in all that time there has been only one double no-hitter for nine full innings. On the bitterly cold afternoon of May 2, 1917, 3,500 spectators came out to Chicago's Weeghman Park to see what promised to be no more than a routine game between the Cubs and the Reds. What they got was a slice of history as Chicago's Jim (Hippo) Vaughn and Fred Toney of Cincinnati pitched sublimely.

Vaughn, a 6' 4", 215-pound Texan, had won 21, 19 and 17 games in the preceding years, and his fastball kept him among the league's strikeout leaders. Toney, a big man himself at 6' 1", 195 pounds, had a deceptive change-up that complemented an assortment of hard-thrown stuff. He was the Reds' most effective pitcher, but his greatest achievement had come in the minor leagues, where he had thrown a 17-inning no-hitter on May 10, 1909, pitching the Winchester, Ky. team to a 1-0 victory over Lexington in the old Blue Grass League.

Now Vaughn, a lefty, faced a Redleg lineup consisting entirely of righthanded batters. He retired nine before allowing a leadoff walk to Heinie Groh in the fourth inning. Groh was quickly disposed of when Shortstop Larry Kopf hit into a double play. Greasy-Neale, better known later as head football coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, reached base on an error but was thrown out trying to steal second.

In the fifth Vaughn struck out "Prince" Hal Chase, the legendary Jim Thorpe and Second Baseman Dave Shean in order. He also fanned Manuel Cueto, the first man up in the sixth. Vaughn let only one other Red reach base in nine innings, Gus Getz drawing a leadoff walk in the seventh. Getz was batting for Groh, who had been thrown out for too strenuously

contesting two called strikes. Getz was erased when Kopf grounded into another double play. Vaughn struck out four of the next seven men, and after nine innings the big Cub had faced the minimum 27 batters, striking out 10.

But the righthanded Toney was just as penurious. Only Centerfielder Fred (Cy) Williams reached base. Pitching cautiously to the powerful Williams, Toney walked him in the second and again in the fifth. Williams advanced a base on a ground ball in the second but was stranded. In the fifth Shean intentionally dropped Dutch Wilson's pop, in an attempt at a double play, but could only force Williams. Wilson died on first when Neale made a fine running catch of Third Baseman Charley Deal's long fly. Toney retired the last nine batters, and the nine-inning classic was complete.

But there had to be a winner and a loser, and the 10th inning provided both. Getz led off by popping to Wilson, the catcher, but the next batter, Kopf, hit a line-drive single to rightfield. Neale lofted a fly to Williams in center for the second out, and Chase lined another to the same spot for what should have been the third out. But Williams dropped the ball and Kopf sped to third. To the plate strode Thorpe, the former Carlisle Indian football star and 1912 Olympic decathlon and pentathlon gold medal winner, a road-trip replacement in the outfield for Edd Roush. Thorpe's mighty swing produced a difficult bounce toward third. As the pitcher rushed for the ball, Kopf hesitated, then dashed for the plate. Realizing that Thorpe's magnificent speed would carry him to first ahead of the throw, Vaughn elected to go to the plate.

Wilson, thinking the play was at first, was stunned when Vaughn's throw hit him in the chest protector and bounced away. Kopf was in with the run, and Thorpe was safe on first. The annoyed Vaughn shouted to his catcher, "Are you going to let him score, too?" as Chase, who had stolen second, rounded third and headed for home. Wilson recovered his composure as well as the ball and managed to tag the sliding Chase for the third out.

Toney still had his no-hitter to preserve in the bottom of the inning. First up was Second Baseman Larry Doyle, who had led the National League with a .320 average in 1915. But Doyle was now looking back at better years, and

Toney struck him out. First Baseman Fred Merkle had gone out meekly three times, but in the 10th he smashed a Toney pitch toward the burner in leftfield. Cueto backed up against the fence and caught it, the hardest hit off Toney all day. Two out, and the dangerous Williams stepped to the plate. He took the first two pitches, both outside. The next two caught corners, and the count was even. Williams fouled off the next two deliveries. After the second, which Williams banged down the leftfield line, Umpire Albert Orth inexplicably failed to discard the ball and returned it to play. Toney drooled when he saw a large scuff mark on it. As Arthur Daley of *The New York Times* wrote years later, the scuff added a "dipsy-do" that couldn't have been better if Toney had "used a penknife on the ball." Trying to shave the corner with his next pitch, Toney missed and the count was 3-2. Then he uncocked a sidearm curve, let physics take its course, and Williams swung wildly for the final out. Altogether Toney won 24 games that year, including an iron-man performance on July 1; he pitched both games of a doubleheader against the Pittsburgh Pirates and won both on three-hitters, 4-1 and 5-1.

Toney slumped badly in 1918 after running afoul of the draft laws, which prevented him from joining the Reds until the season was under way. Traded to John McGraw's New York Giants, Toney regained his form in 1919, winning 15 and losing six, and in 1920 he had a 21-11 mark. He followed that with an 18-11 record in 1921 as the Giants won the pennant. Toney left the big leagues after the 1923 season, when he was with the St. Louis Cardinals, and returned to his hometown of Nashville, where he pitched with the minor league Vols part of the 1925 season.

Vaughn finished the 1917 season with 23 wins, and after three more good years shocked the Cubs by accepting a \$50,000, five-year contract to pitch for the Fairbanks-Morse Fairies semipro team of Beloit, Wis. Some reports at the time said Vaughn wanted to pursue a career in diesel engineering. Others said his arm hurt and he just wanted to go fishing. Not until he was 47 years old did Vaughn retire. He died in Chicago in 1966 at the age of 78.

Fred Toney, who had retired from a job as a Nashville court officer, died in 1953 at age 65.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 9-11
Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

BORING—LUPE PINTOR, ranked by WBC heaviest middle hit by fighting to a 15-round draw with Elio Noriega in Tokyo.

GOAL—JACK NICKLAUS shot a record eight-under-par 277 to win his fourth U.S. Open in Springfield, N.J., by two strokes over Sam Snead (page 25).

DALE LUNDQUIST, a 12-2 under-par 276, beat Andy Adams by three strokes to win a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in Delmar, Mass.

HORSE RACING—STEN (\$38.00, ridden by Jeffrey Fell, won the \$104,350 Bowling Green Handicap by a neck over John Herby in Belmont. The 5-year-old gelding covered the 1 1/4-mile course in 1:23.15.

MOTOR SPORTS—JEAN RONDIAU and JEAN-PIERRE JAUSSAUD, driving a car built by Renault, covered 2,867.4 miles in winning the 24 hours of Le Mans road race. Their average speed was 119.89 mph. A Porsche driven by Rindolf Jost and Jerry Ickx, who was trying for a record 60th win at Le Mans, came in second, 15 miles behind the winners.

BENNY PARSONS averaged 131.80 mph at his Chevrolet Monte Carlo to win the \$386,260 NASCAR Gwynn 400 in Brooklyn, Mich., by a one-length over Cale Yarborough in a Chevrolet Monte Carlo.

BOCCER—NASL, The Cosmos almost lost one game and did lose another. On Wednesday the Cosmos fell Rochester 3-2 but seemed to be on the defensive when up-down-and-Sensio angled a shot past Juan DeLeon. Manager Craig Reynolds and goalie Eric DeLoe to see what turned out to be a 4-2 win. The win was New York's eighth consecutive victory, which had the club record. Then along came Tampa Bay and 54,241 and Randy fans, who commended the league's largest crowd this season, to break the Cosmos' string. Tampa Bay appeared to have a 3-3 regulation tie but was locked up when Giorgio Chinaglia hit the tying goal with only 47 remaining. In the 13 previous games of this rivalry the winning team had won only once, and the home side this night, the Rockies, winning on a shootout goal by DeLeon. The Cosmos' Philadelphia (12-1), Detroit (13-0), and Portland (14-1) all lost twice. The Fury led 5-0 to Edmonton and 3-1 to the AFC West's two-place club, San Jose. The Express also lost to the Earthshakes 3-0 on a shootout goal by DeLeon. Vancouver (10-1) won Denver's seventh one-goal defeat—and fell 3-1 to Atlanta. Portland was beaten 1-0 by San Diego on a

goal by John Wirtlich at 75:29 and then was shut out 1-0 by NYC West-leading Seattle (14-2). This victory was the year's 10th shutout for Seattle Jack Brand, two short of the league record set a decade ago. The Sounders' 11-game winning streak had been halted earlier when Muenster's Chico Hamilton scored in 74:41 for a 3-2 win. It was only the third time this season that Brand had given up more than one goal in a game. Tulsa (9-3) suffered its second straight shutout at home, 3-0 by Los Angeles on Luis Fernandez's two goals, but stayed in front of the Reds and Atlanta in the NSC Central. The Astros (8-5) took fourth after a perfect week by beating California 3-1 on a Fernandez hit track. Vancouver (17-8) also won twice in Trevor Whymant scored the game-winner at 56:31 to beat Toronto 3-1. Two days later Mollerfield Alan Bell was fouled by Memphis goalie Bob Seiler in 85:29 and hit the penalty kick to get a 1-0 victory Red-hot Chicago (12-3), leader in the AFC Central, whipped New England 3-1 to average an earlier 4-3 loss. Sing Forward Karl-Heinz Gremm had two goals and an assist (page 63).

ASL, American Conference League Sacramento lost 4-0 to National Conference-leading Columbus, then fell to Cleveland 4-3. Nearly every other team in the league won at least once. In addition to losing Sacramento's second game, Maple Grove's Graham Fain, who leads the league in goals against average (0.75), had a shutout against Pennsylvania. Unfortunately for him, Columbus couldn't score either, and the game ended at 0-0. The Sunners, second in the National Conference, did better in a rematch in Forward Christian Nwankwo scored the winning goal at 75:38 for a 1-0 victory. Expansion club Golden Gate got its second win of the season, beating Cleveland 2-1 at home, to stay just ahead of the American Conference's third-place team, California, which lost 2-0 to Cleveland. Miami Forward Jean Bessie scored two goals against New York, but Eagle Forward Paul Knott hit the winning goal at 6:38 into the second half in a 4-3 win.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Evonne Cuyach of Czechoslovakia 6-3, 6-1, 7-5 to win a \$150,000 tournament in England.

JOHN MUEHLER beat Ken Warwick 6-3, 6-1 to win the \$125,000 Queen's Club tournament in London.

TRACH FELD—GUIDO KRATZSCHMER of West Germany set a world record of 8,649 points in the decathlon in Filderstadt, West Germany. His mark surpassed by 27 points the record established by

England's Daley Thompson less than a month ago.

GRACEYNA RABSTYNN of Poland set a world record in the women's 100-meter hurdles in Warsaw. Her time of 12.36 broke by 12ths the mark set in 1978.

MALPOBOTS—ELECTED—To the Hockey Hall of Fame goalie LORNE GILMPI WORSLEY, 51, who played for New York, Montreal and Minnesota during his 21 NHL seasons. Goalie HARRY LUMLEY, 41, who played 16 seasons for Detroit, Boston, Chicago and Toronto, and the late LYNN PATRICK, an All-Star forward for the New York Rangers in the '30s and '40s, and later a first-officer executive for New York, Boston and St. Louis.

HIRED—As coach of the Cleveland Cavaliers, BILL WUSSELMAN, 39, who coached half a season in the ABA (1975-76) and a year in the Western Basketball Association (1978-79), to replace Stan Albeck, 49, who resigned after one season and a 31-45 record to become coach of the San Antonio Spurs.

As coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, KESTH MAGNUSON, 33, who retired in November after 11 years as a Black Hawk defenseman, to replace Eddie Johnson, who could not come to his first term after one season with the Hawks, during which they were 34-37-19.

RETIRED—After 16 years in the NFL, Delaware End CARL ELLER, 38, in joining a business career left the game years in Minnesota. Eller was a member of the famed Purple People Eater Back Four. He was named All-Pro five times, was selected to play in six Pro Bowls and three Pro Bowls before last season.

SIGNED—By the Detroit Red Wings, Rocky Bleck signed of Oklahoma, the No. 1 pick in this year's entry draft, for a rumored \$17 million for three years, the most ever for an NFL rookie (page 67).

TRADED—By the Washington Capitals, Defenseman ROBERT FICARD, 33, winger TIM COULIS, 32, and the second-round pick in last year's draft, to the Toronto Maple Leafs for goalie MIKE PALMATEER, 36, and the Leafs' third-round selection.

CREDITS

32-39—Walter Iones Jr., 39—John Jacobs (Boston), 32—Manny Mota (27)—Rivera (24)—32-39—Richard Mackinnon (30)—Hans Kuusimäki (30)—Richard Mackinnon (30)—Hans Kuusimäki (30)—Lance Stewart (30)—Cleveland (30)—32-39—Graham Fain (30)—Graham Fain (30)—Mark Shaeffer (30)—Alan Orr (30)—Mike Scully

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHARLES HATFIELD
PARADISE

Charles, a senior at Mar High, triple-jumped 52' 10 1/2" to break by 4 1/2" the national high school record set in 1970, and has the fourth-best long jump (24' 5") among U.S. high schoolers this year. He will attend Arizona State on a track grant.



VON BUHMAN
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Von became one of seven 17-year-olds to bowl a perfect game in sanctioned competition when he scored a 300 in the Capen Junior League. His league all-star team also won the National Bowl-O-Mat title, involving 4,000 youth bowlers.



PAM MACCOLL
MONTICELLO, N.J.

MacColl, 21, scored five goals—running her five-year total to a school-record 216—in Lafayette College's 7-4 win over Towson State in the U.S. Women's Lacrosse Association's Division II national championship game in Cazenovia, Md.



SANDY RINKER
MOUNT JACOB, VA

Sandy, a sophomore volleyball player, had 109 straight services without a fault for Stonewall Jackson High's regional championship team. Three times she served all 15 points in a game and over one span scored on 25 straight serves.



DAVID AMARO
PHILADELPHIA

David, a senior first baseman at William Penn Charter School, hit .524, with five doubles, seven triples and seven home runs, in 20 games this season. His father, Ruben, was a major league shortstop for 11 seasons with the Cardinals, Phillies, Yankees and Angels. Ruben, whose father, Herb, teamed with Ruben Amaro in Philadelphia, where both earned Gold Gloves in the early 60s, played short for Melvin Honan and batted .489 in 14 conference games as a senior this year.

ROBBIE WINS
ROBBIE-117, PA.

ROYAL TREATMENT

Sir

In your June 9 issue, Ron Fimre's article *The Royals Are Flush* hit the mail on the head. Kansas City is a team of character. This same asset will be of great value as the Royals drive toward another division title.

Thank you for a long-awaited article on what may be the team of 1980. You've made my sister (a rabid Willie Wilson fan) and me very happy.

GLANN MILLER
Manhattan, Kans.

Sir,

As longtime K.C. Royals fans and SI subscribers, we are ecstatic over the cover story on the most exciting team in baseball. During the last four years Kansas City has consistently been excluded from the major media coverage the team so richly deserves. But SI has come to the rescue! If K.C. had a larger

viewer market, then George Brett (the best hitter in baseball) would have been 1979's MVP, which his statistics prove he merited.

CRAIG LEASURE
RICHARD RODICK
Florida State University
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir,

I am a 13-year-old female who is in love with the Kansas City Royals. You wouldn't believe how happy I was when the mailman brought my SI and I saw Darrell Porter smack dab on the cover! I'm glad the Royals are finally getting the publicity they deserve. By the way, if I asked you who was the winningest right-handed pitcher in the American League as of June 6, who would you say? The answer is Reme Martin, rookie pitcher of the Royals.

AMY LIVELY
Fremont, Neb.

Sir,

Darrell Porter on the cover? The Kansas City Royals "back in the chips"? What's happening? If you would kindly look at the standings, you will see who is the best team in the majors and who you should have put on the cover. Numero Uno again—The New York Yankees!

GREG ZUCKERMAN
Providence

TOM

Sir,

My congratulations and thanks to John Underwood for a superb article on Tom Watson (*Open Question*, June 9). America finally has a hero. Watson has it all—talent, brains, class and a sense of humor. Anyone who doesn't think he has charisma just doesn't know the meaning of the word.

As for his politics, who cares? I wish he would run for office. Watson for President!



Was or lose, he's somebody we can really believe in

PETER A. SCHABELE
Mendham, N.J.

Sir:

As an ex-teacher at Tom Watson's prep school, I was pleased with the well-rounded quality of your feature about Tom.

It was Tom's competitiveness and athletic ability that first drew my attention to him. When he was a freshman, I tried to persuade him to save golf for later years and to play baseball for me. Despite considerable subsequent needling, I still think he'd have made a heck of a ballplayer. Even then, Tom's answer was in keeping with his sense of self: "Thank you for asking, sir. Baseball is O.K., but I love golf."

JAMES G. ANGELL
Offshore Coach
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

John Underwood's story on Tom Watson focuses clearly on the essence of true sport: it is not solely one's performance, but also the character and conduct that competition brings out in the individual.

Watson's intelligence and sensitivity will only add to the rich heritage of golf.

HARRY C. BLANER JR.
Cedar Lake, Ind.

Sir:

As both a golfer and a student of the English language, I enjoyed your story on Tom Watson. However, I am dumbfounded by a couple of words I can't find in the dictionary. To quote: "He didn't know a pipe from aissant" and "I heard one of them say she just loved Tom's tush." What, pray tell, is a "pissant" and what is a "tush"? There must be other readers who are also puzzled by these terms.

TOM ELLSBERG
Albany, Calif.

• "Pissant" is Western slang for something small and insignificant, and "tush" is Yiddish slang for derriere.—ED

TWICE BLESSED

Sir:

As a teenager growing up in Kansas City, I had the best of both worlds. The days were spent working at Kansas City Country Club for my uncle and watching a young man my age, Tom Watson, begin to make

his impact on the game he now dominates. The nights and weekends were devoted to finding rides to Municipal Stadium to cheer for the A's, who eventually blessed us by their departure to make room for the Royals and a new sports complex.

Now that I live in Omaha, television enables me to keep up with Watson as well as the Royals. Your June 9 issue reinforces my faith in both.

JOHN ELMER
Omaha

TENNIS TYRANT

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article *He'll Make Your Child a Champ* (June 9) should have been titled *He'll Make Your Child a Millionaire*. After all, isn't the reason that a parent would send his or her child to such a place really the final payoff, the pro tour? If the pros weren't making thousands of dollars per tournament, you can bet 95% of those kids wouldn't be going through such baloney.

As for Nick Bollettieri and his crew, I thought the Vince Lombardi types who coached young kids were on the decline. I guess the almighty dollar has brought this one back. It is one thing to force a strict discipline

continued

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All car stereos fit all cars. Right? Wrong! That's why you should know about the new Panasonic Supreme Series. They can fill 98 percent of all cars made in the last

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19TH HOLE continued

philly regimens on young men and women. It is quite another to force it on emotionally fragile youngsters.

PETER L. DI CHINE
Baldwinville, N.Y.

Sir,

I'm a weekend and summer tennis player and for years I've thought that being an incredible player would be fantastic. After reading *He'll Make Your Child a Champ*, I realized the troubles and hard times that top-quality players have to withstand from their coaches and parents. Nick Bollettieri's system of creating a champion makes me sick. McDermott's article has shown me that being a superstar isn't for me, even if I didn't have a chance to be one in the first place.

PETER SISKIND
New York City

Sir,

Nick Bollettieri's "lids" are not, in my opinion, to be envied. It's a sad commentary when parents push a child and pay some obsessed man \$1,100 a month to produce a championship, which they (the parents) were never good enough to achieve. Let the kids enjoy their childhood; there will be plenty of time in adulthood to deal with men like Nick Bollettieri.

JIM O'CONNOR
Allen Park, Mich.

Sir,

I am a coach and a teacher, and I have also produced winners. I think Nick Bollettieri is nuts. Denying water as a punishment? Breaking racket? Separating kids from their parents? His methods are disgraceful.

What makes tennis so important anyway? Why should it be more important than school, family life, social relationships—on other words, a normal life? Winners in this world have been produced by less hearse methods than those of Bollettieri. It seems to me that this man is making a success of himself at a certain and terrible expense to the children of others.

LAURENCE SEGEL
DeKalb, Ill.

Sir,

I enjoyed your article on Nick Bollettieri. Those of us who knew him in college 28 years ago recognized that this Fun-Loving Promoter would make a name for himself, but certainly not as a Tyrannical Tennis Teacher.

NERI J. DEVINE
Nashville

COVER FLAP

Sir,

The 8 x 10 frame had been picked, the space on my wall cleared for the cover of your June 2 issue, but my preparation was obviously premature. Instead of a jubilant Denis Potvin parading with the Stanley Cup high above his head, I was treated to a smiling Johnny Rutherford. He is certainly deserving of credit, but need I remind you that the Islanders brought the Cup to New York after

an absence of 40 years? True, as Kathy Blumenthal claims, "No one chokes on champagne," but you certainly choked on your coverage of this year's Stanley Cup playoffs.

JONATHAN GREENSPAN
Woodmere, N.Y.

• Better make that frame 8½" x 11 should the chance to use it yet occur —ED

Sir,

What does it take to get on the cover of your magazine? Surely not such a glorious moment as an 8-year-old hockey team bringing the Stanley Cup to New York for the first time in 40 years. But nooooo! We had to win the Indy 500 three times.

Anyway, thanks for the big four-page story. And thanks for recreating that golden moment when Bob Nystrom scored the winning goal in overtime—and for chopping half of his head off in the picture.

CHRISTINE GRASSO
East Rutherford, N.J.

DOLLARS FOR DIEGO

Sir,

Reading Clive Gammon's article (*Here's the New Pele*, June 9), it appears that Diego Maradona, with a little help from his friend, Jorge Cytenspieler, is on the same road as one Leon Spinks. Too much too soon.

GARY BORDEN
Opa Locka, Fla.

Sir,

In your June 9 article on Maradona, you said that Pele learned his soccer in the favelas of São Paulo. This is like saying that Bob Lanier learned his basketball on Harlem blocktop.

Lanier is from Buffalo in the state of New York. Pele is from Bauru in the state of São Paulo.

LEE KIRA
Ann Arbor, Mich.

JUDGMENT ON GURNEY

Sir,

The quality of a man is clearly reflected in his actions. Several years ago at the St. Jovite racetrack in Quebec, a driver named Jackie Oliver had a horrifying accident. His Can-Am became airborne, turned a complete circle and landed upside down. Dan Gurney soon came by in his McLaren car. He slowed to a walk and, as Oliver climbed from his overturned car, took both hands from the wheel and gave him a giant "thumbs up" signal. Gurney lost several positions during this, but gained one unshared hero worshiper in this observer. It was the warmest moment I have experienced in sport and is a cherished memory. If this is the "Gurney Judgment," may we all suffer from it.

BOB KENT
Toronto, Canada

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.



We left our hearts in San Francisco ...and a case of Canadian Club.

San Francisco! What better place to hide a case of golden Canadian Club than the city where millions came to seek gold in the Gold Rush of 1849?

So, we boarded a cable car on our way to hide a case of the world's finest-tasting whisky in America's most beautiful city. Do you know San Francisco well enough to find the C.C.?

A BART ride, a street with a past.

Start at BART's last city stop, and take a 30-cent ride. Change to another mode of transit, and ride until you can transfer again. Do so, and head for the farthest terminus, but disembark at the first right-angle. Stroll a nearby street

till it suggests a profession. Then head back toward your latter mode of transportation one block closer to your former. Where idlers gather, note who stays longest.

Find a way out of town but stay in.

Now head straight to some rails and follow them as far as necessary to meet a way named for an important Gold Rush figure. Let it lead you to a way out of the city, but don't leave. (If you've made it this far, don't think things are looking up.) Now return to the last route you were directed to. Somewhere along it we hid our Canadian Club. Things you've seen should tell you where.

Tell the boss, "C.C., please!"

When you reach it, tell the man in charge "C.C., please!" You'll receive a case of Canadian Club, the world's finest-tasting whisky.

As you'll discover, C.C. is smoother and lighter than other whiskies. So try it on the rocks or in a sour or Manhattan. Millions know that Canadian Club is worth searching for. And 2,600 San Francisco Bay Area bars and restaurants know it's worth serving. So enjoy yourself. Say "C.C., please!"



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